

### *A Spanish account of Henry VIII.*<sup>1</sup>

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IT would be interesting indeed to come across a man who had lived in England during the reign of Henry VIII., and to sit down and listen to his remembrances. Whether he were a foreigner or an Englishman, he would be almost equally interesting, though the two would express themselves differently. If he were an Englishman, he would be more trustworthy in his important facts, but the view he took of what he had seen, and the points on which he would dwell in detail, would depend on what sort of Englishman he was. But in a foreigner's view of things, however honest, we should not be surprised at serious mistakes in facts. A foreigner of this sort is now before us. With Major Sharp Hume for interpreter, we can listen to the artless talk of a Spaniard, who was living in London during the great events that separated England from the Catholic Church, and, as might be expected, the story is extremely interesting.

Major Sharp Hume has done his work with exceeding great care, as translator and editor of this Spaniard's chronicle, and in an admirably written Preface he has brought together the indications given by the writer which would show who he was, when he wrote, and how he came by his information. It is suggested by the Marquis de Molins, who has published the narrative in the Spanish language in which it was written, that the author was a certain Julian Romero, a General who fought at St. Quentin and died in 1577, whose adventures in England, unknown hitherto to his Spanish biographers, are minutely recounted in this chronicle. But this surmise is disproved by Major Sharp Hume, among other reasons by this conclusive one, that "certain events in the chronicle, such as the coronation of Anne Boleyn, the burning of Father Forest, and the reception of Anne of Cleves, all of which happened before Julian could have arrived in England, are evidently related by the writer as

<sup>1</sup> *Chronicle of King Henry VIII. of England*, written in Spanish by an unknown hand. Translated with Notes and Introduction by Martin A. Sharp Hume, Knight of the Royal Spanish Order of Isabel the Catholic. London: Bell and Sons, 1889.

an eye-witness." But while repudiating the authorship, Major Hume is not able to suggest another. He was no diplomatist, he says, for "he shows no familiarity with the person or movements of Eustace Chapuys, the celebrated Spanish Ambassador in London." Neither was he one of Queen Katherine's household, for, as Major Hume shrewdly observes, though he graphically relates Chapuys' first visit to Kimbolton, "it is perfectly clear that the chronicler was not one of the party, and tells the story from the outside not the inside of the castle." "The writer evidently saw the triumphal procession of Anne Boleyn through the city from the street, and was, clearly, one of the Spanish residents who, as he says, waited so long for the arrival of Anne of Cleves at Blackheath. He indicates himself also as the 'only foreigner' who got inside the Tower to see the execution of Anne Boleyn, by obtaining entrance the night before. He, just as evidently, saw from the street the return of Surrey from Guildhall after his condemnation to death, and from the street, too, outside the palace of Whitehall, he apparently witnessed the pageant of the christening of Edward VI., and nine years afterwards his coronation." From these and other indications it is plain that he held no official position about the Court of Henry VIII., and thus Major Hume rests satisfied with the conclusion that "the responsibility of the document would appear to rest between a resident merchant, trader or interpreter, or one of the mercenary soldiers of fortune who flocked to the standard of Henry VIII. for the honour, the pay, and the ransoms." In the end, after all his cares and pains to identify the writer, Major Sharp Hume puts on his title-page that the book is "written in Spanish by an unknown hand."

A name is often a great help in researches of this kind that are conducted almost after the fashion and with the skill of a detective, and we are at least able to supply Major Hume with the name of this writer. He tells us that Father Ribadeneyra quotes from him, without however mentioning his name. We are more fortunate, for we are able to say that both Father Persons and Father Christopher Grene have had this chronicle in their hands, and they call him Garzias. And further, they did not use the same copy of their author, for Father Grene notes that what Father Persons calls chapter 26 of Garzias was 28 in the manuscript before him, and in this Father Grene's copy agrees with Major Sharp Hume's edition. And this we can see for ourselves, for the unfinished work by Father

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Persons, called *Certamen Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, in three large quarto volumes, is in the manuscript room<sup>1</sup> at Stonyhurst College, not far from Father Grene's *Collectanea*, P, in which in April, 1689, he transcribed some portion of it.

Under the heading, which we translate from the Latin, "The Narrative of Garzias the Spaniard, who was at that time in England and frequented the King's Court," Father Persons quotes the chapters of this Chronicle on the burial of Katherine, on Anne Boleyn's wickedness, the tournament at Greenwich, the captivity of Anne, the execution of Rochford, &c., Anne's own execution, and lastly, the martyrdom of Forest.<sup>2</sup> The copy used by Father Persons must have been closely written, for its folio 13 contains five of Major Hume's printed pages.

Father Grene's words are, when translated from his Latin: "I have before me a manuscript book in folio, in Spanish, but written in a very bad hand. Its title is *Chronica del Rey Henrico VIII.* &c. What Persons quotes from Garzias chap. 26 are in this book chap. 28." The narrative given by Father Grene<sup>3</sup> is the sense, not the words, of our Chronicle, to which he refers, giving the first and last words of the passages in Spanish. The first of these references is: "So Garzias tells the matter. *Un poco tiempo*, cap. 24 down to *para complir tu desseo*. This Garzias says, and many other things which cannot be copied with modesty." By the way, the reader of the Chronicle must be on his guard, for there are at least three passages in the book, which are distressingly plain spoken.

It is a name, and nothing but a name, that we have supplied, but the Spanish scholars who are interested in the subject may be able to track the writer of the Chronicle now that they have his name. We may now return to the conclusions respecting him that Major Hume has drawn from the narrative. "There is a curious account of the attempted escape from England of the Spanish Bishop of Llandaff [Queen Katharine's chaplain], and here again a glimpse seems to be caught of the narrator. He knows exactly the sum of money realized by the plate confided to 'some Spanish merchants' by the Bishop, what was done with the money, and the small particulars of the purchases secretly made for the journey, and even the amount paid to the boatman." Major Hume has

<sup>1</sup> The press marks are respectively A.2.12 and A.4.2.

<sup>2</sup> Father Person, MS. *Certamen Eccl. Angl.* vol. ii. pp. 69-202.

<sup>3</sup> Father Grene's MS. *Collectanea*, P, pp. 243-246.

"a vague idea that the writer or compiler, whoever he was, must have lived in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Katharine's (now the site of St. Katharine's Docks), as he so often in the course of his book brings this not very important conventual and charitable establishment into prominence. He mentions that all the windows at St. Katharine's were broken by the concussion of the Tower guns on the entrance of Anne Boleyn, but he has not a word to say for the other windows all round Tower Hill. Bishop Ateca of Llandaff is mentioned as being Abbot of St. Katharine's, and living there until his attempted escape. Surrey's boat, to aid his escape from the Tower, was taken of a St. Katharine's boatman, and was ordered to await him there. The part of London most affected by Spanish merchants was from time immemorial the neighbourhood of Tower Street and both sides of Tower Hill, and indeed the tradition has not even now entirely died out."<sup>1</sup>

There is no need to follow Major Sharp Hume with equal minuteness when he discovers the chronicler as "the Spaniard settled in London" in whose house in 1543 the Spanish Dukes of Najera and Albuquerque lodged, who went to Court and kissed Henry's hand in their train, and who was the interpreter of the last mentioned Duke both in England and in France. Garzias mentions that the King was in the habit of *coming* to the Duke of Albuquerque's tent before Boulogne at night-fall, accompanied by a gentleman named Master Kynvett, and a lacquay, whereupon the Duke used to sally forth with another lacquay and *an interpreter the Duke had*, and they went to walk on the beach." And we may say, with Major Hume, that the conversations between the King and the Duke are repeated with apparent fidelity.

Garzias, if he was in France on this occasion in 1544-5, was in England again later, as he was present in London at the trial for murder of Guevara, a countryman of his, in January 1550; indeed he was most probably one of the foreigners who served on the jury *de medietate lingue*. Soon after this he seems to have left England finally. Some part of the Chronicle was written in King Henry's time, as in the 60th chapter he says that "if the King could get hold of Cardinal Pole or of Sir Geoffrey, he would serve them the same as their brother Lord Montague, *but they will take care of themselves*." This, as we said last month, speaks of

<sup>1</sup> P. xxii.

1546 at the latest, and Major Sharp Hume seems to miss the indication the phrase affords that Henry was alive when it was written. On the other hand Henry was dead when the 50th chapter received its present shape, for in it Edward VI. is compared with his father. Major Hume notices that when chapter 83 was written, the author did not know of Protector Somerset's execution, which took place in January 1552, and is recorded by him in his last chapter but one. "The last 17 chapters, probably added piecemeal during the year 1551 or early in 1552, show clearly that during that time the writer was living in a French-speaking country, as Gallicisms are constantly creeping into the text of these chapters, which are never observable in the first 75 chapters, presumably written in England, or more probably transcribed from rough notes or memoranda immediately on the arrival of the writer in Flanders, some time in 1550." Such are Major Sharp Hume's conclusions respecting our chronicler, Garzias.

And now to turn from the chronicler to the Chronicle, we are struck in the first instance by its mistakes. Of these the most surprising is the inversion of King Henry's fourth and fifth marriages, Garzias marrying him to Katharine Howard before Anne of Cleves. And, mistaking Cromwell for Cranmer, he says that "Secretary Cromwell" with other Lords of the Council, examined Culpepper and Queen Katharine in the Tower; whereas Cromwell was executed ten days before the marriage of the King to Lady Katharine Howard. Here of course he may have been simply misled by the similarity of name in his notes.

Another error is in the narrative of the martyrdom of the Carthusians, where Garzias says that eleven of them were hanged, drawn and quartered together. Major Hume corrects the error in the number far more hesitatingly than any other mistake in the book; but error it is, beyond all doubt, for three were martyred at Tyburn on May 4, 1535, and three on the 19th of June; of the rest one was executed five years afterwards, two suffered at York, and nine were starved to death in Newgate; completing the full number of eighteen Carthusian Martyrs. Major Hume is therefore wrong when he says, "We have thus eleven Carthusian Martyrs vouched for in London by the English chroniclers during the months of April, May and June, and it would certainly appear probable

that the unknown Spanish writer had consolidated these separate martyrdoms into one event." The error in number shows that Garzias was not present at their martyrdom, but he was in London at the time, and he may very probably be speaking from personal knowledge when he says of the quarters of the martyrs that were placed at the gates of the city and of the Charterhouse, "It was a very notable thing that in more than three months' time the quarters were quite perfect, and no crows or jackdaws were ever seen on them, such as are seen on other quarters of men, so in time they became dry. All these friars died martyrs, for not one of them was dead when the hangman cut them open. God keep them in his glory. Amen."<sup>1</sup> It is to be wished that Garzias had not called them "friars," and the reason he gives for their being martyrs is a curious one, for they would have been martyrs, if they had hung till they died; but the appreciation of them as martyrs is satisfactory, though the ejaculation of the chronicler is more like a prayer for them than to them. Stowe records that in the beginning of the reign of Edward VI., two priests were condemned for keeping as a relic an arm, with the inscription that it had belonged to a Carthusian executed under Henry.

Another very singular error is in the account of the death of three Catholic martyrs and three heretics at Smithfield on July 30, 1540. This is what Garzias ought to have said; instead of which he only speaks of their "burning three clergymen in one day, two because they were heretics and the other because he was a good Christian. They would not have burnt the latter, if he had not preached in favour of the Pope. If he had consented to retract what he had said about the Pope, they would have spared him; but he would not, as he maintained that there must be a head of Christianity as a whole."<sup>2</sup> This error is due to the chapter (84) having been written as an after-thought out of its place, long after the event. Garzias has remembered that Protestants and Catholics were executed together for religion on that occasion, but he has forgotten how many, and also that while the Protestants were burned for heresy, the Catholics were hanged for treason. Major Hume has not corrected his author in the curious error that has made a Catholic martyr out of the parson of Honey Lane, Garret. The three Catholic martyrs who were then

<sup>1</sup> P. 24.<sup>2</sup> P. 196.



hanged, drawn, and quartered by Henry for their defence of the supremacy of the Pope were the Blessed Thomas Abel, Richard Fetherston, and Edward Powell, all theologians, who had defended the validity of Queen Katharine's marriage and had refused to acknowledge the royal supremacy in spiritual matters. The King ordered that his victims should be drawn in pairs, a Protestant and a Catholic on each hurdle, so that it was not possible for the Catholics to hear one another's confessions.

It would perhaps be natural to think that as a Spanish Catholic the evidence of Garzias against Henry's proceedings would have to be accepted with unusual caution; but so far from this, though of course poor Katharine of Arragon is spoken of with all sympathy and veneration as "the blessed Queen and lady," later on we have such ejaculatory praises of Henry as take us quite by surprise. The chapter that bears the title "How the King sent many men to Scotland, and amongst them more than eight hundred Spaniards," winds up its list of the rewards bestowed by Henry on his Spanish mercenaries with the exclamation, "O good King! how liberal thou wert to every one, and particularly to Spaniards."<sup>1</sup> In the next chapter, the fact that Henry sent a thousand broad angels to Captain Julian "to put himself in order withal," for a duel with Captain Mora, who had gone over to the French service, induces our chronicler to cry again, "O what a good King! how highly he esteemed honour, and desired his subjects to win honour!"<sup>2</sup> And in almost the last chapter, Garzias shows his regard for Henry VIII., and the passage is very interesting as showing that things had become so bad in Edward's time, that it was possible to look back with regret to the days of Henry. "Truly the English lost much on the day that the valiant King Henry VIII. died," and then after expressing his hope that Edward may soon be able to govern, he adds that people can tell him "that his father was a very wise man, and a good Christian, notwithstanding his blindness in throwing over his obedience to the Pope, for as regarded the services of the Church, he would never allow them to be altered, although he consented to some of the things being in English. He always caused the Holy Sacrament to be venerated and honoured, which was all done away with after his death. Perhaps even his son may be inspired by the Holy Ghost to return to his obedience to the Church, and to the services as they used to be; but it is

<sup>1</sup> P. 127.

<sup>2</sup> P. 128.

notorious that if the late King were alive, he would never allow such evil doing, and would take more care of things, for he was liberal, and did not begrudge expenditure, and always gave rewards to his captains and soldiers."<sup>1</sup> And again, "If the King had given obedience to the Pope, no other fault could be found with him, as far as regards heresy. During his life they contrived to take away the holy water and the blessed bread, but he would never consent to the mass being said in English, as it is now. In fact there is no mass nor good thing of any sort, as will be told presently."<sup>2</sup>

The writer has, in fact, no feeling against Henry VIII., but in his favour. And his account of the suppression of the monasteries is not friendly to the religious. It is therefore of all the more importance as it shows us what was thought and believed in London at the time. The abbots were "great simpletons," he says, for "a large proportion of them had signed that their abbeys did not reach three thousand ducats."<sup>3</sup> He means that they understated their revenues, and were accordingly reckoned amongst the lesser monasteries that were suppressed first. This may have been said, but we know of no case in which it was true.

The petition was made to Parliament, and all declared in one voice that as the King was head of the Church he could do what he liked in his own Church, and therefore the demand was granted. Cromwell was no sluggard, for he immediately sent collectors to unmake the abbeys. A great quantity of plate and revenues was got from them, without counting the large quantity stolen by the Commissioners, and great was the damage done to the realm by the destitution of these abbeys. After a time, to complete the work, they ordered that all the abbeys should be abolished; and as the King made grants to many gentlemen of the church buildings, which were all covered with lead, they consented the more readily, and did not see the great destruction that was coming to the country. For every one who reads this must know that two-thirds of the nation were maintained by the abbeys, which had many estates, and let the land cheaply to farmers, who thus held their pastures on easy terms, whereas, when the estates came into the possession of the King, and the gentlemen began to buy the hereditaments of him, they let them very much dearer to the poor farmers, and thus commenced the great rise in the price of all victuals and other things, as will be told. (pp. 26, 27.)

The suppression of the greater monasteries, he says, was thus proposed by Cromwell to the King.

<sup>1</sup> P. 216.

<sup>2</sup> P. 107.

<sup>3</sup> P. 26.

“Your Majesty should know that it will be well to abolish the monasteries. The many parish churches are quite enough, and so many distinctions of dress are not in accordance with the teaching of St. Peter.” The King asked how it could be done, and Cromwell answered him: “I will tell your Majesty; I will send to all the monasteries to order and give them notice that it is your wish that in future they should appear simply as priests, and then, after a little time, it can be done easily and without scandal, because as they will be dressed simply as clergymen, people will not see that they have been friars.” The King answered, “Do as you will, Cromwell; what you desire shall be carried out.” Thereupon Cromwell sent to all the monasteries, and ordered them in the name of the King to go dressed as priests, and that all should change their monastic garb within one month. The sinners of friars, seeing this would give them more liberty, were in such a hurry to change that in a week there was not a friar to be seen, for they all appeared as priests, and in six months nobody knew that there had ever been any friars. When Cromwell saw that the time was ripe, he sent all over the kingdom and arranged that on a certain appointed day they should all be turned out of the monasteries, and thus was it done. Here the King got a great treasure in crosses, chalices, and vestments from the monasteries, and the poor priests who had been friars did not know what to do; so most of them went to the north, where they did what will be related further on. (p. 31).

The passage “further on” is this. “When the poor friars saw themselves homeless, destitute, and without food, most of them went to the north and stirred up the common people to rise against the King. They chose for their leader a lawyer named Aske, and met in a field, where one of their priests preached a sermon, and in less than a week they were joined by forty thousand men or more, and then chose their captains. This Aske was their general, and his banners bore painted on them the five plagues of Egypt.”<sup>1</sup> *Cinco plagas* was what Garzias was told, “the Five Wounds;” *cinco plagas* was what he took it for. It is not often that one has such an admirable specimen of hearsay, and foreign hearsay, too.

Garzias has written down what he heard, but the rumours that were current in London, as reported by him, were far from correct. The “poor friars,” as he or his translator calls the monks, when driven out of their monasteries, most certainly did not “most of them go to the north” to stir up the people against the King. This is the shape that gossip gave to the fact that the northern rising was largely due to the indignation of the people at the suppression of the monasteries. So, again,

<sup>1</sup> P. 33.

a secular habit was provided for the monks when they were ejected from their homes, but it is not true that they "were in such a hurry to change that in a week there was not a monk to be seen." They did not change their habits till they had to leave their monasteries; or if before that, any one wanted to do so, he wrote to Cromwell for permission. The reports that Garzias heard and believed were not from sources favourable to the religious; that is plain enough: but this is specially worthy of note that he has not a word to say respecting evil living amongst the religious. When he comes to the priests who, in the time of Edward VI., wanted leave to marry, it is very different, and Garzias is rightly scandalized with the lives that those had lived who clamoured for the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy.

As reporting for us what was understood in London about the events as they occurred in that momentous time, this Spanish Chronicle is of great value, but, of course, its importance is greater when we have in it the remembrance of what the writer had seen or had special means of knowing. We must put before our readers one or two passages of particular interest. And first we select Anne Boleyn's execution.

The King ordered the Queen to be beheaded. He had sent a week before to St. Omer for a headsman who could cut off the head with a sword instead of an axe, and nine days after they sent he arrived. The Queen was then told to confess, as she must die the next day, and she begged that she might be executed within the Tower, and that no foreigner should see her. So they erected the scaffold in the great courtyard of the Tower, and the next morning they brought her out. She would not confess, but showed a devilish spirit, and was as gay as if she was not going to die. When she arrived at the scaffold she was dressed in a night-robe of damask, with a red damask skirt, and a netted coif over her hair. This lady was very graceful, and had a long neck; and when she mounted the scaffold she saw on it many gentlemen, amongst them being the headsman, who was dressed like the rest, and not as executioner; and she looked around her on all sides to see the great number of people present, for although she was executed inside, there was a great crowd. They would not admit any foreigner, except one who had got in the night before, and who took good note of all that passed. And as the lady looked all round, she began to say these words, "Do not think, good people, that I am sorry to die, or that I have done anything to deserve this death. My fault has been my great pride, and the great crime I committed in getting the King to leave my mistress Queen Katharine for my sake, and I pray God to pardon me for it. I say to you all that everything they have accused me of

is false, and the principal reason I am to die is Jane Seymour, as I was the cause of the ill that befell my mistress."

The gentlemen would not let her say any more, and she asked which was the headsman. She was told that he would come presently, but that in the meanwhile it would be better for her to confess the truth and not be so obstinate, for she could not hope for pardon. She answered them, "I know I shall have no pardon, but they shall know no more from me." So seeing that she would not confess, the headsman came and knelt before her, saying, "Madam, I crave your Majesty's pardon, for I am ordered to do this duty, and I beg you to kneel and say your prayers." So Anne knelt, but the poor lady only kept looking about her. The headsman, being still in front of her, said in French, "Madam, do not fear, I will wait till you tell me." Then she said, "You will have to take this coif off," and she pointed to it with her left hand. The sword was hidden under a heap of straw, and the man who was to give it to the headsman was told beforehand what to do; so, in order that she should not suspect, the headsman turned to the steps by which they had mounted, and called out, "Bring me the sword." The lady looked towards the steps to watch for the coming of the sword, still with her hand on her coif; and the headsman made a sign with his right hand for them to give him the sword, and then, without being noticed by the lady, he struck her head off on to the ground. And so ended this lady, who would never admit or confess the truth. (pp. 70, 71).

To this we would willingly add the record of a very different death. The story of the martyrdom of Blessed John Forest, O.S.F., is given by Garzias under the title "How a Doctor was burnt, and why." It is the best account of the martyrdom extant, but we do not insert it here, as through the medium of Father Persons' translation it has been already used by Father Thaddeus in his recent life of the Blessed Martyr. To one detail in it, however, we should like to call attention. This is what our chronicler says of the statue of the Welsh Saint that was thrown into the fire by which Blessed John Forest was burned: "At that instant a great uproar arose, and they brought forward a great wooden saint which eight men could hardly carry—so big, indeed, that it looked like a giant—and they hoisted it on to the platform where Dr. Forest was, and three men had as much as they could do to keep it upright. They had brought this saint from Wales, where it was kept in a church,<sup>1</sup> and it is said that all those who stole or robbed anything were absolved by the priest if they offered to the idol a part of their booty. The saint was called in English

<sup>1</sup> Some portion of the ancient statue still exists in the Church at Llanderfel, near Bala.



Darbel Gadarn (Darvel Gathering), which means Darvel the Collector." The parenthesis is, we suppose, Major Hume's conjecture of what Gadarn stood for, taken from the "David Darvell Gatheren" of Grafton's version of the doggerel rhymes that were set upon the scaffold. It is curious to see the story of the greediness of the priests which was invented in London to account for the name which they thought meant the "Gatherer" or "Collector." "Darvel the strong," a Welshman would have told them, was the true meaning, the saint being represented as a knight in armour. The rhymes in question gave another account of the Welsh devotion to the saint, not more trustworthy than that Garzias notes, that he "fetch'd outlaws out of Hell." "Now is he come," the verse says, "with spear and shield, In harness to burn in Smithfield." In Garzias' story there is a little touch which is lifelike. "'Take him off at once,' said Cromwell; and, as the three men on the platform were still supporting the wooden saint, Dr. Forest turned to them and said, 'Brethren, I pray ye do not drop it on me, for my hour is not yet come.'"

Another touch that is eminently Spanish is the chronicler's surprise at the power of an upstart like Cromwell. "Then the good Duke of Norfolk arose to go and speak with him [Friar Forest], but Cromwell called out: 'My Lord Duke, take your seat again; if he wants to say anything, let him say it out, so that we can all hear.' So the Duke went back to his seat again. A mystery of God indeed is this that a common man should hold so much authority that one of the noblest dukes in the land should obey him."

Garzias was evidently a bystander, one of the vast multitude present at that remarkable martyrdom, and his account is of importance, as the Protestant narrators speak of the martyr's shrinking from the fire as an act of impatience. "They tied him with a chain round his waist, and hung him up suspended by the middle. He begged them to let his hands be free, which they did. Then they began to set fire underneath him, and as it reached his feet he drew them up a little, but directly afterwards let them down again, and he began to burn. The holy man beat his breast with his right hand, and then raised both his hands to heaven and said many prayers in Latin, his last spoken words being '*Domine miserere mei*,' and when the fire reached his breast he spoke no more and gave up his soul to God."

As clearly, Garzias was not an eye-witness of the execution



of Blessed Thomas More, for he describes him as martyred at the same time with Blessed John Fisher. The details, too, are entirely inaccurate. The following is very Spanish: "More asked for the headsman and said to him, 'Brother, give five strokes in honour of the Five Wounds,' which he did. During the strokes the crowd said the name of Jesus, so his soul was thus accompanied. Verily, the King would have given a great treasure to have changed this More's purpose; but God decreed it otherwise, that he might serve as an example to many others who in secret are good Christians and deplore the evil that exists in the land."<sup>1</sup>

One more word. Garzias tells us that when Queen Katharine and her household were called upon to take the oath of the King's Supremacy, her suggestion to her servants was, "You can swear that the King has made himself the Head of the Church."<sup>2</sup> Major Sharp Hume says that a sophistical play upon words was intended, *se ha hecho*, "he has made himself," and *sea hecho*, "he may be made," being pronounced exactly the same, and this he says was "a characteristically Spanish way of getting out of the difficulty." Major Hume's ingenious conjecture seems to us a gratuitous injury to the good name of poor Katharine. It is a perfectly needless attack on her reputation to say that she concocted with her faithful attendant Francisco Felipe "a word-juggle in Spanish" to cover the consciences of her servants and to hoodwink the King's Commissioners. It is simple enough without this. Henry had made himself or called himself Head of the Church. "You may say *that*," Katharine tells her servants, "but of course you cannot say that he *is* Head of the Church." Who thought of asking them to swear that the King, "may be made" Head of the Church? "Swear that he *is*," the Commissioners demand; "he has made himself so, you may swear *that*," is the Queen's instruction to her servants, and there is no "word-juggle," in it or *jeu de mot*. Imagine a usurper asking for an oath that he was King. To swear it would be to say that he was the rightful King. If he or his representative were satisfied with the answer, "You have made yourself King," it is an answer to which a good legitimist could safely swear.

JOHN MORRIS.

<sup>1</sup> P. 37.

<sup>2</sup> P. 40.

## *The Empire of Man.*

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IN order to discover whether there are men in the moon, it was once ingeniously proposed to take some large plain on the earth's surface, so large as to be visible to observers in our satellite, as the Sahara, and thereon to construct on a colossal scale the figure by which Euclid solves his forty-seventh proposition. If there are beings like ourselves in the moon, it was argued, they must by this time have worked out the same theorem for themselves: they will recognize the figure as a signal hung out by an intelligence, and will respond in similar fashion, and then will a beginning be made towards a code of intercommunication.

Whatever may be thought, from a practical point of view, of this suggestion, it serves, at least, to emphasize the fact that there are certain steps on the road to intellectual development, which it may be assumed that man would make simply as man, certain advances which we might reckon on his race accomplishing, quite apart from any circumstances in which it might be placed. But when our attention is directed to this point it must very soon appear that what we could thus anticipate of the condition of the race, taking into account its own inborn resources alone, is extremely little. To construct for ourselves any real idea of the point of progress reached by a race like ours, it would be absolutely necessary to know what instruments were afforded by the world in which they were placed to enable them to work it out. For the discovery of pure mathematical truth man has sufficient materials in himself: it is not so with scientific truth, still less with his arts and his industries. As Sir John Herschel has remarked, it is conceivable that a man shut up in a solitary dungeon should think out for himself all that we know of mathematics, but he could never tell without trying what would happen to a lump of sugar when put into a cup of tea. In like manner it would not avail, for the purpose above described, to flash an electric signal to

the moon, unless we were certain that, if there be inhabitants there, they must necessarily have the materials needed for the production of the electric light; and even the geometrical symbol whereof we have spoken, would have to remain unanswered, though such inhabitants recognized its import, if the stuff of which their world was composed could be worked into no tools bigger than toothpicks.

The development of the human race, in fact, of which we are so proud, its conquest and subjugation of the earth, its manufactures, its arts, its engineering triumphs, its commerce its inventions, its scientific discoveries, even what seems to be most purely its own, the *litteræ humaniores*, its accumulated literatures—all is found to be inexorably conditioned by the material circumstances of the earth in which our lot is cast. What would the case have been had there been nothing that could serve the function of paper and ink? What if no tree had borne anything like cotton, and no animal produced any fleece like wool, or any web like silk? What would have become of navigation had there been no timber but grass-stalks? or if hemp had been unknown? Where would the chemist, or the astronomer, or the microscopist have been without glass? or the sculptor without marble, that paper specially prepared, as Mr. Ruskin tells us,<sup>1</sup> and hot pressed for his particular requirements?

It must be remembered that we might very conceivably have been without many or all of these things. We are so accustomed to have them that we are too apt to take them for granted, and thus to miss the full significance of their presence. The plants for example which afford us clothing stuffs, as cotton and flax, are a very small minority in the vegetable kingdom. That minority might very easily have been stamped out in the struggle for existence. Everything which bears a flower bears also what is botanically known as a "fruit." Yet how small a proportion of these can serve the purpose of food. Is there anything in the nature of things to make it necessary that this purpose should have been served by any?

Nor only this. How much of man's development would have been possible had there not been in the organic world around a capability of development under his hand: if the wild originals of our wheat and oats had not been ready to swell their ears in his fields as they will never do elsewhere; if the

<sup>1</sup> *Stones of Venice*, III. i. 41, 42.

crab had not contained the potentiality of the apple, a potentiality to be realized only in his orchards: if the sheep had not been prepared to yield him a richer fleece than she would ever have provided for her own needs, the silkworm to spin a fuller and finer cocoon, the cow to provide a supply of milk at once more ample and richer, the horse and the dog to endow the hunter and the shepherd with powers new not only to him, but to themselves, till they fell under his guidance and control?

Nature was from the beginning fitted to his hand, and no less was his hand fitted to rule Nature. It has been pointed out by Mr. Wallace<sup>1</sup> that there is much in the physical structure of the lowest savage which cannot be accounted for by any experience of the race prior to that point of development at which such savages stand, and which consequently is not explained by any merely materialistic theory of evolution. We are assured by those who propound such theories that only those qualities arise or survive which are of service to the individuals possessing them. They are therefore a record of the past, and of the past alone; to be accounted for only by what has been, not by that which is to be. But there are infinite possibilities in the hand, for instance, of a savage, which are of no actual use to him, because he has nothing on which to exercise them, and cannot have been of service to any of his progenitors, if they have been still lower in the scale than himself. His nicest instruments are perhaps a club or a stone scraper, yet is his hand quite capable of being taught to manipulate a pen-knife or a needle. His voice too is capable of being trained to sing, though he has no notion of any nearer approach to the divine art of music than a more or less monotonous howling. "It seems," says Mr. Wallace, "as if the organ had been prepared in anticipation of the future progress of man, since it contains latent capabilities which are useless to him in his earlier condition." Still more, according to the same author, is this true of the most important of all organs—the brain. The size of this, as science emphatically declares, is closely connected with the intelligence of its possessor. It would therefore appear that only where intelligence has been actually developed to its highest pitch should we find a corresponding development of brain capacity, and in the lower and undeveloped

<sup>1</sup> *Natural Selection*, pp. 349, seq.

racess of men we should find that size of the organ, and no more, which would correspond to the advance they have accomplished beyond the brutes in intellectual power. Yet this is far from being the case. The brain of the savage, Mr. Wallace again tells us,<sup>1</sup> is far larger than he needs it to be, or than his history will account for its being; and what is probably the very oldest known skull, that of a man contemporary with the mammoth and the cave bear, "might," according to Professor Huxley, "have belonged to a philosopher." Thus it seems to be not the past but the future history of man's race which explains his outfit; he is seen to have had a power, at the very outset of his career, which he could not have acquired for himself; and this power of his, making him fit to mould nature to his requirements, is the exact complement of nature's passive capacity to be moulded, whereof we have seen something above.

From such considerations it must appear that the history of human progress, the last and the noblest page in the history of the development of the earth, is very far more complex and intricate than philosophers of the evolutionary school would lead us to suppose. To judge from their utterances it would seem that we have but one factor to deal with, the developing creature himself. The nearest approach to a fundamental philosophy with which they favour us is an assurance that, given the play of organism and environment through a sufficient number of ages, such a state of things as that in which we live was bound to come about, through the constant survival of those most worthy to survive; and we are invited from a view of what has actually resulted to accept the conclusion that this and no other must have been the result, and that therefore the creed of Evolution is justified by its works.

Obviously, however, it is no such thing, and there are many elements which have most powerfully affected the actual issue, whereof the evolutionist theory affords no explanation at all. Granting that Natural Selection, or any other materialistic machinery, could do all that is claimed for it, that it can suffice to explain the presence of all organs and all instincts or other mental powers, how does it account for the fact that there were metals in the earth, or that water was convertible into steam, that there were such things as fuel

<sup>1</sup> *Natural Selection*, p. 337.

and potters' clay, such vegetables as grapes and potatoes, such animals as dogs? All of these have been instruments, all of them powerful, some absolutely essential, for making human civilization what it is, but assuredly it is not the power of Natural Selection as it may have worked in man that explains their existence.

The final outcome of development, therefore, as witnessed in the actual progress of the human race, is very far from affording an argument in favour of the evolutionary doctrine as popularly proclaimed, on the contrary, it presents the gravest possible objections against it. Evolutionists have been labouring these many years to convince the world that man might have come to be as he is, in bodily structure and mental power, by the operation of blind material laws, without calling in the aid of design to account for results. But even supposing their success in this endeavour to be on a par with their professions, they are but landed at the end in face of a swarm of fresh difficulties, and have to confront their old antagonist, the doctrine of design, as vigorous and as formidable as ever. For undoubtedly to suppose the world in its entirety to be the product of a designing mind, would be an explanation of the existence of all the machinery it contains, however complex; while it is equally apparent that Natural Selection can no more account for it than the science of geometry can explain the attraction of gravitation.

So evident is this that as a matter of fact evolutionist philosophy either leaves this point altogether out of sight, or, if it deigns to notice it, does so in terms, which, when looked into, are found to be absolutely devoid of meaning, as may be seen from the following example.

Nothing assuredly has more powerfully contributed to establish man's dominion over the earth and all it contains, than the supply of coal and iron which he has used for every kind of purpose. When men had nothing but flint stones to make their weapons and their tools, it was quite impossible for them to reach any notable height of material civilization. Even when they had possessed themselves of bronze and brass there was much still quite beyond their reach, without which at the present day we should hardly consider life worth living. We need iron equally for purposes of agriculture, of manufacture, and of locomotion; all that constitutes the special glory of the nineteenth century depends absolutely on our possession of this



metal: and to have iron to use, or to be able to use it when we have it, we require coal. Assuming therefore that England at the present day presents a fair sample of the highest stage of development yet reached by man, we have to acknowledge that if we have attained it, the fact is to be attributed quite as truly to our coal-fields as to ourselves, and we wish to know how it came to pass, that, in the first place, our race possessed potentialities which could be realized only by the existence of something quite distinct from ourselves and beyond our control, and in the next place how it came about that what we thus required lay ready and awaiting us.

On these points Professor Huxley apparently intends to enlighten us in his well-known lecture on the Formation of Coal.<sup>1</sup> In listening to him we have the satisfaction of knowing not only that he is probably the ablest advocate of the evolutionary creed, but that in particular he pleads guilty to an ineradicable fondness for clear speaking and is most severe on the speech which darkeneth counsel as he finds it exhibited in the writings of Suarez. Moreover he was accepted by Mr. Darwin himself as the clearest expositor of his theory, as one who made the matter so plain that to none but a blockhead could it fail to be as clear as daylight.<sup>2</sup> Therefore if there is an explanation forthcoming from the evolutionary standpoint it is from this writer that we may expect to learn it. To what does Professor Huxley's explanation amount?

In the first place, he fully concedes to coal the important place in the history of development that we have claimed for it. Speaking of the growth of our manufactures and industries he tells us,<sup>3</sup> "Coal is as much an essential condition of this growth and development as carbonic acid is for that of a club-moss. Wanting coal, we could not have smelted the iron needed to make our engines, nor worked our engines when we had got them. But take away the engines, and the great towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire vanish like a dream. Manufactures give place to agriculture and pasture, and not ten men can live where now ten thousand are amply supported."

So far then we are clear. Coal is an essential factor in our development. But how came that factor to be supplied? There would seem to be but two possible replies, either its occurrence was due to chance, or it was due to design. But according to

<sup>1</sup> *Critiques and Addresses*, pp. 92—110.

<sup>2</sup> *Darwin's Life and Letters*, iii. p. 30.    <sup>3</sup> *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 109.

Professor Huxley it was due to neither. Chance, we know, he utterly repudiates as an absurd and impossible agent. As to design, it will appear to most minds, as to Professor Stokes, that it is altogether unmeaning without a designing mind, which is just the last thing which philosophers of Professor Huxley's school are willing to recognize. What then was it that provided coal for man, if it was neither chance nor purpose? Professor Huxley tells us that it was "Nature." Early in the earth's history, he tells us,<sup>1</sup> "Nature" invested an enormous capital in the formation of coal-beds. Six millions of years, as he calculates, must at the least have been needed to provide them as they are, and so lavish was the process that a being capable of thinking, who had witnessed its progress, would have moralized on the wanton extravagance which she displayed in her operations.<sup>2</sup> But "Nature" knew better; she seems to have had always before her eyes the adage, "Keep a thing long enough and you will find a use for it." She kept her coal stores accordingly till the eighteenth century arrived, and with it James Watt. The brain of that man was the spore out of which was developed the steam engine, and all the prodigious trees and branches of modern industry which have grown out of this. "Thus," concludes the Professor, "all this abundant wealth of money and of vivid life is Nature's interest upon her investment in club-mosses and the like, so long ago. But what becomes of the coal which is burnt in yielding this interest? Heat comes out of it, light comes out of it, and if we could gather together all that goes up the chimney, and all that remains in the grate of a thoroughly-burnt coal fire, we should find ourselves in possession of a quantity of carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and mineral matter, exactly equal in weight to the coal. But these are the very matters with which Nature supplied the club-mosses which made the coal. She is paid back principal and interest at the same time; and she straightway invests the carbonic acid, the water, and the ammonia in new forms of life, feeding with them the plants that now live. Thrifty Nature! Surely no prodigal, but most notable of housekeepers!"

In the name of bewilderment what is the meaning of this? *Quid est hoc? Quantum sapio, quantum capio, quid est hoc?* Who or what is it that does all these fine things—investing capital, and saving principal and interest, and proving the

<sup>1</sup> *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 106.

<sup>2</sup> P. 108.

thriftiest of caterers? Nature! Who is she? or what is it? Is it meant that the coal was stored up on purpose to be burnt? Surely not, for to say this would be a piece of "coarser and commoner Teleology," like saying that the eye was made for the purpose of seeing—a doctrine against which Professor Huxley pronounces anathema.<sup>1</sup> Is it meant, on the other hand, that coal happened to be formed by one set of circumstances, and happened to prove useful from another set, wholly and entirely different? But if so, where is the housekeeper? And why pay any compliments to the thrift exhibited in the transaction. We do not call a piece of amber thrifty because it seals up a fly, and then succeeds in securing interest as a curiosity in a museum, while keeping the principal hermetically sealed up. Are words supposed to convey a meaning? and if so, what is the meaning of "Nature"? As Mr. Wollaston well puts it,<sup>2</sup> "Who is this Nature, we have a right to ask, who has such tremendous power, and to whose efficiency such marvellous performances are ascribed? What are her image and attributes when dragged from her wordy lurking-place? Is she aught but a pestilent abstraction, like dust cast in our eyes to obscure the workings of an Intelligent First Cause?"

That is in fact what it comes to. "Nature" is a word to juggle with. The need of purpose to explain the world is so stringent that even those who would deny it are fain to have recourse to it; essaying at once to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, they talk in a way that means nothing at all unless it means that purpose has operated, and to escape from the necessity of admitting a mind whose the purpose is, they tell us that it was "Nature's," and that Nature is unconscious. "Some people," says Dr. Asa Gray, "conceive of unconscious purpose: it seems as easy to conceive of white blackness." If, according to Professor Huxley's own definition, Nature is "that which is," we mean no more by saying that its capital was invested in club-mosses and realized through steam engines, than that there have been club-mosses and have likewise been engines, and Topsy's philosophy is the true one—"specks I grewed."

This point is not an accidental and insignificant one, which may be neglected with impunity, it is really the foundation-

<sup>1</sup> *Darwin's Life*, ii. p. 201.

<sup>2</sup> *Annals and Magazines of Natural History*, 3rd Series, vol v. p. 132. See *Darwin's Life*, ii. p. 284.

stone on which any philosophy of the world must rest, and on which, so far as professions go, evolutionary philosophy is content to base its claims. Professor Huxley, amongst others, is very positive on the point, declaring<sup>1</sup> that "perhaps the most remarkable service to the philosophy of biology rendered by Mr. Darwin is the reconciliation of teleology and morphology, and the explanation of the facts of both, which his views offer." But his championship of the doctrine, under this aspect, is precisely of the nature most calculated to ruin it. His native gift of a clearness which few can rival, when he is speaking of an object that can be clearly spoken about, is apt to let in inconvenient light on those whose only possible habitation is fog and mist. The most accurate of draughtsmen must needs fail if he essays to delineate a square triangle, or the landscape of a world of two dimensions only, and we find it quite as impossible to form an idea of the system which Professor Huxley would portray and present for our acceptance as being that which rules the destinies of the universe.

In the first place it is an unfortunate, but perhaps inevitable, circumstance that he should always speak of "teleology," instead of using a plain English word to express his precise meaning. "Teleology" means, from its derivation, "the science dealing with ends." But what sort of ends? the ends to which things come? or those to which they are directed? There is all the difference in the world between the two. It hardly needs a philosopher to tell us that coals come to be burnt: but it is otherwise with their being made for that purpose. The rock of St. Helena was, in a very true sense, the end of Napoleon's ambition, but to understand his life we have to consider a very different end of his schemes than this. As far as we can make out from his words, however, it is in the former sense alone that Professor Huxley speaks of "teleology." Acknowledging and glorying in the fact, that Mr. Darwin's theory deals a death-blow to the idea that the eye was made on purpose to see,<sup>2</sup> he goes on to assure us that "there is a wider teleology which is not touched by the doctrine of Evolution, but is actually based upon the fundamental proposition of Evolution. This proposition is that the whole world, living and not living, is the result of mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the powers possessed by the molecules of which the primitive nebulousity of the universe was composed.

<sup>1</sup> *Darwin's Life*, ii. p. 201.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

... The teleological and the mechanical views of nature are not, necessarily, mutually exclusive. On the contrary, the more purely a mechanist the speculator is, the more firmly does he assume a primordial molecular arrangement of which all the phenomena of the universe are the consequences."

In order to understand to what this explanation comes, we must ask what we are to understand by "laws," for these it is, apparently, that govern the process here adumbrated. Professor Huxley answers the question himself. He tells us<sup>1</sup> that a law is nothing more than a convenient way of stating that from past experience we are justified in expecting a certain phenomenon in certain circumstances, as that a stone if left unsupported will fall. Moreover, he explicitly denies that "law" in his sense implies necessity. "It is very convenient," he says, "to indicate that all the conditions of belief have been fulfilled, by calling the statement that unsupported stones will fall to the ground, a 'law of nature,' but when we change *will* into *must*, we introduce an idea of necessity which does not lie in the observed facts, and has no warranty that I can discover elsewhere. For my part, I utterly repudiate and anathematize the intruder. Fact I know, and Law I know; but what is this Necessity save an empty shadow of my own mind's throwing?" Again in another work he declares<sup>2</sup> that "calling our often verified experience a 'law of nature' adds nothing to its value, nor in the slightest degree increases any probability that it will be verified again, which may arise out of the fact of its frequent occurrence."

But if this is so, what is the possible meaning of saying that the present order of the universe has been worked out "according to definite laws," and that the recognition of this fact is the truer and nobler "teleology"? If "law" is only a more convenient term for "verified experience," how does it differ from "fact"? And what more do we signify by saying that things have been worked out according to a certain law, than that they have, as a matter of fact, proceeded in a certain way? It would appear, therefore, as already said, that we are to mean no more when we speak of "teleology," than that things have resulted as they have resulted, through various stages, which have been just what they were. The proposition is

<sup>1</sup> "On the Physical Basis of Life." (*Lay Sermons*, p. 143.)

<sup>2</sup> Hume, *English Men of Letters*, p. 131.

sufficiently obvious, but what other claim to consideration it may possess is hard to discover.

There is another point in Professor Huxley's explanation which must not be overlooked, if we wish fully to appreciate the scientific value of his system. Though, as we have seen, he repudiates and anathematizes the introduction of Necessity, and has reduced Laws to a convenient term for verified facts, he yet assures us that the said Laws enable us to forecast the future. We know, for example, that unsupported stones will fall to the ground. What is the process by which we arrive at this knowledge? "Simply, that, in all human experience, stones have fallen to the ground under these conditions; that we have not the smallest reason for believing that any stone so circumstanced will not fall to the ground; and that we have, on the contrary, every reason to believe that 'it will so fall.'"<sup>1</sup> This looks very much like saying that we know they will fall, because we know it. But if anything in the shape of a reason is offered at all, it is that stones have always been known to fall. But surely that is no reason, though the phenomenon may help us to discover one. The appearance of the *Times* newspaper from Monday to Friday is not the reason of its appearance on Saturday, though I may gather from the regularity of its issue that there is a staff at work capable of making it appear again. The constant repetition of the same phenomenon tells me no more than that it is not an accident, but due to some ulterior cause producing regularity. "It may be urged," says Cardinal Newman,<sup>2</sup> "if a thing happens once, it must happen always; for what is to hinder it? Nay, on the contrary, why, because one particle of matter has a certain property, should all particles have the same? Why, because particles have instanced the property a thousand times, should the thousand and first instance it also? It is *primâ facie* unaccountable that an accident should happen twice, not to speak of its happening always. If we expect a thing to happen twice, it is because we think it is not an accident, but has a cause. What has brought about a thing once, may bring it about twice. *What* is to hinder its happening? rather, what is to make it happen? Here we are thrown back from the question of Order to that of Causation. A law is not a cause, but a fact; but when we

<sup>1</sup> *Lay Sermons*, p. 143.

<sup>2</sup> *Grammar of Assent*, p. 69.



come to the question of cause, then we have no experience of any cause but Will."

There, in effect, is the knot of the whole question. Is it possible for our minds even to conceive an intelligible solution of the problem, other than the operation of a Will? The *Times* appears, because man's will has determined its appearance; we can trace the chain of effects involved, satisfactorily to that as the initial cause. A stone falls, because the earth attracts it; the earth attracts it because—what? Because it *does*, is the only answer vouchsafed by the New Philosophy.

It is constantly assumed by our scientific expositors that because we have traced back the sequence of events occurring in nature, far beyond the point at which the ancients had to abandon it, we have therefore entered into the felicity proper to those who understand the causes of things. But till we find some solid ground on which to start, what else are we doing but resting the earth on the elephant, and the elephant on the tortoise? To say that the thousandth link of a chain must hang securely because the hundredth does so, is not to tell us what supports the first. Yet it is a precisely similar conclusion with which our modern teachers would have us rest satisfied. It seems to Professor Huxley, for instance, a sufficient explanation of the origin of our present order to tell us that "the existing world lay potentially in the cosmic vapour, and that a sufficient intelligence could, from a knowledge of the properties of the molecules of that vapour, have predicted the exact constitution of the animal kingdom in Britain to-day, with as much certainty as one can say what will happen to the vapour of the breath on a cold winter's day."

Brave words these indeed: but what, after all, do they come to? Simply to this, that one who could see what the world was going to be, could predict its future. It does not follow because I know when a clock will strike twelve, that I can tell who made it: and all that the foregoing explanation means is that the universe is a clock which at a certain remote time was going. Once more we are given as philosophy, what is but a bald statement of fact.

To come back to our original example. Which philosophy seems to afford the more rational explanation of the multitudinous circumstances which have served to make the race

of man what it is? Is it that which talks of Nature and Law as the ultimate agents? or that which tells us that God making man, blessed him and said to him, fill the earth and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and all living creatures that move upon the earth?

J. G.

## *A Past Generation at Oxford.*

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BY AN OLD WYKEHAMIST.

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ONE evening some years ago, when travelling in the South Pacific, we chanced to anchor in a scene of such strange and singular beauty that it has remained upon my mind as a place situated, as it were, outside the world of common creation, like that famous spot of old "where the ocean breezes swept round the Isles of the Blessed, and the golden flowers blazed, some on the glorious trees, and others cherished by the waters." The little bay was in itself a perfect gem, with its cocoa-nut groves lining the shore at the very edge of the sands, and its rising hills in the background, and the brilliant stars, when the sun went down, reflected back from the waters as they never gleam in the duller atmosphere of more temperate zones. But jewel and flower are alike too coarse to do justice to that which constituted the chief loveliness of the scene, the brilliant hues of the lucid waters tinged by the varied coral beneath as though a myriad rainbows had been interwoven in the clear depths, while through the midst, like a gossamer pathway out into the far ocean, ran an exquisite band of perfectly white and transparent foam. The whole picture was like a passing glimpse of fairyland, and so it has ever remained upon my memory. Just such, too, is my remembrance of the brief, enchanted years which I spent at the University of Oxford, a little oasis secluded from the struggle of existence, a fairyland of the mind and soul, where the rainbows of grand associations and high thoughts and noble aspirations played over the surface of reflecting youth, while its waters flashed with the lustre of those friendships which illuminate only faintly and far off the duller atmosphere of advancing years, and the path that we were to tread over those clear depths stretched, pure and bright and joyous, into the distant future. Ah me! One cannot sit down to write

of Oxford without some subtle influence from that poetic land where, if anywhere, "the youth

Is Nature's Priest,  
And by the Vision splendid  
Is on his way attended,"

stealing over the waste of "common-day," and taking possession of the most prosaic pen.

In truth, there is little wonder that so few writers have ever succeeded in drawing a faithful picture of our Universities. Our own illustrious Cardinal is almost the only author whose dons and undergraduates breathe the true breath of Oxford, except, indeed, where George Eliot, in a blank-verse description of an undergraduate breakfast party—in itself one of the most amazing conceptions I know in literature, and simply astounding as coming from the pen of a woman—has painted for us something of that cauldron of thought which, ever boiling and seething underneath, not infrequently rises to the surface from the most casual remarks, and upon the most unexpected occasions, just as a clod of earth will serve to rouse a Geyser. Of others who have made the attempt none has made a more signal failure than the *vates sacer* of schoolboy life, the great creator of Tom Brown, whose career is Homeric in its truth and vigour, but who develops at Oxford into a prig of the most unpleasant order, dividing his time between the imaginary attractions of barmaids and the equally imaginary woes of bible-clerks, and betraying little symptom of the ordinary undergraduate, unless it be in the singular description of his feelings as he listens to the sermon on the River Kishon.

For the fact is that all the ordinary elements which go to make up romance are necessarily absent. There is no outward passion, no exterior action. An undergraduate, of course, may be in love—though I am not aware of having met any in that condition myself—but the tenderness is of that ghostly kind which looks forward to declaring itself in eight or ten years' time, when some family living shall have fallen in, or some family's solicitor be ready with unlimited briefs. The only sort of ambition is excellence on the river or in the schools, and though honours may imply many an unselfish desire and many a broken hope, the motive is not wide-rooted enough to carry the interest of a whole career. And yet the whole of that career is impregnated with a romance to which the

remainder of life is a stranger; but the romance is interior, the spirit too subtle to allow expression. And this is only what we should expect in considering the action of Universities. For while it is the tendency of other occupations, whether professional, scientific, or commercial, to harden, so to speak, the clods of the mind, and to render them less accessible to unfamiliar ideas, it is the function of University training, more particularly, I think, at Oxford, to break up the mental soil and open it to receive all kinds of extraneous influences, developing themselves not then alone, but for many a year afterwards, so that we used jokingly to say that there was much truth in that familiar cry of the railway porters at the station: "Oxford, Oxford, all change here!"

Personality, then, or egotism, if you prefer it, must in my opinion be the keynote of any true description of the University, and I propose, therefore, to confine myself strictly to my own experiences and to such diagnosis as I can make of the changes effected in my own mental condition. And this course will perhaps, be the more excusable—or, indeed, praiseworthy—because I was one of those whose whole after-career has been deeply marked by the influences and thoughts which I there experienced.

My name was on the mystic "Roll"—I can hear now the voice of my schoolfellow as he came, past midnight, with the slip of paper in his hand, into the chamber where I was waiting, and called out, "Bravo, Jack, you're second"—and at the mature age of eighteen I found myself a "Fellow of New College, Oxford:" a probationary Fellow, indeed, for the first two years, but then to be confirmed in full long before I could even take my degree. That Fellowship, it may here be noted, I resigned about six years later, on my admission into the Church, but the effect of the resignation is very doubtful since the owner of landed property cannot divest himself of it by a mere letter addressed to another; and the question may fairly be argued whether, in the eye of the law, I am not still a member of that comfortable community, with all the beneficiary rights accruing therefrom.

On going up to reside, for nobody ever goes "down" to Oxford any more than to London, New College was as cosy a little club as was to be found in England. It was not exactly a castle of indolence, for men used to tub, and play cricket, and racquets, and football, and row, and gymnasize, and attend

lectures sometimes (I had almost forgotten *them*); but it was the very residence which one of the most delightful of George Eliot's characters, "Fine Old Leisure," would certainly have chosen for his own, and would never have quitted except upon compulsion. And indeed he never did during my time. The very first act I was called upon to perform illustrated the easy-going family-party style of community which we then constituted: for though the new buildings looking out on Holywell had neither been born nor thought of, as Livy would say,<sup>1</sup> there were no less than seventeen sets of rooms absolutely vacant for me to take my choice. As for the rooms relatively vacant, that is to say, which Graduate Fellows kept on for years together without ever setting foot in them, on payment of a rent (*credite posteri*) of £5 per annum, and which served as most convenient guest-rooms, I do not exactly know how many there were. The rooms I chose (not had assigned to me) were situated in the Garden Quad, which Quad was not a quadrangle at all, but a double-opened gnomon, if I may be so geometrical, a much later addition said to be modelled upon the Palace of Versailles, though I cannot say that the resemblance of the original appeared to me very striking. And in my bedroom I had three windows looking out upon the gardens.

Those gardens were amongst the special privileges which we enjoyed in the House of Wykeham. For although other colleges possessed pleasure grounds as well, some like St. John's even finer, yet none but ours could boast of the magnificent remnant of the old city wall which ran along one side on the massive and cunningly arranged clump of trees and shrubs, which imparted a noble air of extension and variety. Very pleasant it was in early June to sit beneath the shade and drink badminton in the intervals of practising archery.

Another speciality was our fine and well-trained choir which belonged to the foundation, and contrasted strangely with the neglect of the sister college at Winchester. Magdalen, a scion of New College, and Christ Church, used to vie with us in this particular; and sometimes one, sometimes another, carried off the palm for voice or training; but our service on Sunday evening was always largely attended by out-college men, chiefly, I fancy, because we were the only College which had service after dinner. Speaking of the chapel, reminds me

<sup>1</sup> *Ante conditam condendam ve Urbem*, lib. i.



of a little trait in the character of our warden, the predecessor of the present incumbent, which, I think, is worth relating. An undergraduate friend of mine—now a purple monseigneur, no less—was one weekday afternoon accompanying me into chapel in ordinary costume, not having had time to go back to his own College, when I heard a well-known voice behind, "Hrrrr, Mr. Smith Jones, tell your friend we shall be very pleased to see him in our chapel when he is properly dressed." The future prelate disappeared, and after chapel I, feeling exceedingly infinitesimal, went to my rooms, when behold, a note from the warden. "Now for a little red pepper," thought I, and opening it, I found three pages of apology, lest the dear old man should have hurt my feelings.

Principal, however, and pleasantest among the peculiarities of New College was the great institution of Junior Common Room. A Common room, be it understood, was a kind of general club within the college, to which elsewhere only the senior members belonged, but which in our happy case was provided for the junior members also. Over the mantelpiece in this room was a large picture of the Founder, in his episcopal robes, with this fine distich beneath :

Hic fundat dextrâ, fundat Collegia lævâ  
Nemo unam illius vicit utraque manu.

To which I venture to suggest the following translation :

Right hand and left he founds his houses : none  
Using both hands hath e'er surpassed his one.

From this domestic club we obtained whatever articles of consumption were not supplied by buttery or kitchen, importing our own wine direct from France, and so purchasing it both cheap and good. Our bills for living used to come in week by week for revision if we chose, but the vulgar process of payment was superseded by the bursar at the end of the year subtracting the total due from the amount accruing from the Fellowship, and merely intimating that he had placed the difference at your bankers, a method which always struck me as the very height of economic refinement.

One consequence of this pleasant institution was that, as there was wine with dessert in common room every day after dinner for such as chose to go, and as we could also take any friend who might be dining with us, there was no need for the enormous wine-parties common in other colleges, and un-

questionably apt sometimes to become rather noisy and dull affairs. Our breakfast-parties, too, if I remember right, used to be smaller, and by consequence infinitely more enjoyable than outside. At all events, I never used to ask more than four or five men at a time, and sometimes only two or three; and I know no more delightful form of company than that simple and inexpensive entertainment.

These peculiarities apart, our routine was for the most part very much the same as that of our neighbours. Every morning there was chapel at 8, with elaborate music; after which we breakfasted either in our own rooms (if not asked out) or else in common room. Lectures, lasting an hour each, took place between 10 and 1; and during the first year there were generally a good many of them, a sad loss of time if we were reading for Honours. In that case we had invariably to engage private assistance in reading; and the College Tutor was unkindly described by an impatient aspirant to a class as "a drag put on to the private 'coach.'" During the latter part of one's course, however, the burden of lectures was lightened. After lectures came lunch, and then from 2, or 2.30, till 5, the whole world was out of doors, except that portion of it which rejoiced in the excellent gymnasium just opened by the great Maclaren—more power to his elbow, if such a thing be possible—and where I once saw—shall I ever forget the sight—Dean Mansel (then Bampton Lecturer) denuded of coat and waistcoat, and with a face like beetroot, hauling himself with infinite difficulty up that "rope for beginners" which looks like nothing in the world but an endless string of magnified onions. If Feuerbach, and Strauss, and Fichte could only have been present, they would surely have pointed out to their breathless enemy, how the dignity of a don is infinite in itself, and yet can be conditioned by the accident of shirt-sleeves.

At 5 o'clock came chapel again (attendance being optional), and at 6 dinner, followed or not as we pleased by wine in Common Room; and then about 8, or 8.30, one might settle down for reading, or talking, or whist, as the case might be, before going to bed about 12. Our dinners however were somewhat peculiar, and rather more comfortable than elsewhere, though the system would not have been practicable for any large number of students. Instead of ordering "commons" from a general bill of fare, we were divided into small messes of

seven or eight undergraduates, each mess having a table and a little dinner to itself. Every morning the manciple went round to the rooms of each student and inquired "whether he would be pleased to dine in Hall that day," and if he had any guests or "strangers" to dine with him. Then some one ordered dinner for his own mess, or if no one took the trouble to do so it somehow ordered itself; nor did I ever hear a grumble at what was provided. At "high table" for the graduate Fellows, in addition to academics, full evening dress was always required; but for undergraduates a dress coat only, which was also worn in Common Room afterwards.

About my time numerous and important changes were initiated both in the general system of the University and in the constitution of our own College in particular. Not many years before, it had been our "privilege" to "demand," not ask our Degree from the University without undergoing any examination for it, a privilege which we most sensibly gave up for ourselves. Still, though the notion had penetrated our minds that *some* work ought to be done by the Fellows of a College, during their undergraduate days—as for their doing any work after obtaining the degree, that idea had not as yet entered the head of the wildest radical amongst us—a "pass" was too often the height of our ambition, and rare at that time was it for any one of our men to try for single, far less for double Honours. Seldom have I experienced a more striking illustration of *Tempora Mutantur*, than when on revisiting Oxford some ten or twelve years later, I found every undergraduate at New College compelled to try for a class.

Still, though we only dabbled as it were in the great stream of Honours, taking, as years went on, here and there a First, and now and then a Second, that was sufficient to sweep us into the maelstrom of change which was at that time involving the system of examination. Some ten years previously "Little-go" beset the aspirant at the outset of his course—a dangerous little tiresome examination, like the measles to a baby, or the Slough of Despond to Christian, wherein the future Ireland scholar would find himself come to grief, and with a "second paper" before him over some forgotten Proposition of Euclid or rule of arithmetic, or of the Eton Latin Grammar—but this once passed, no further ordeal occurred, whether for passman or for classman, until the very close of the University career. For a Pass in these the work required was, and in my time still

continued to be, of the most meagre and perfunctory description, so that a boy who left a public school in the highest Form, might pretty well pass his three years at Oxford in unlearning that which his previous three years had taught him. Very different was it with regard to a Class, especially to an aspirant to Honours both in Classics and Mathematics, the only two schools then open, for both examinations were required to be passed in the same term, and the burden thus imposed was almost impossible. In my time, however, a much more rational arrangement prevailed, giving at once greater freedom of action and better balanced division of labour. At the end of the second year of the course "Moderations" were introduced, which though making little difference to the Mathematical course, relieved Classical Honours of the technicalities of scholarship, leaving the philosophical and historical aspects for the Final schools or "Greats." Two new schools also, one of Law and Modern History, the other of Natural Science, were added at choice, either of which were alternative with Mathematics, an innovation of the most pronounced character, and pregnant with multiplied change. For some years after that time the ever-varying phases of the different schools could be paralleled only by those of the Government of France; and there were, I believe, at one time between sixty and seventy different permutations, variations, and combinations of subjects in which a degree might be taken. But by far the most beneficial alteration was the permission to take the two Honour Schools in separate terms, a year apart if desired; and the arrangement which prevailed in my own day, has always seemed to me as good as could be effected, with the single exception of requiring in every case a pass in Classics. Nothing, in my opinion, can be of more value to the mind, in the way of secular education, or a greater source of intellectual pleasure, than a wide acquaintance with Greek literature, such as any one must possess who could attain even a Second Class: nothing on the other hand could be more idle and insipid than the miserable smattering of that language, requisite to obtain a pass.

The crown of the academical year, the little tit-bit of which each morsel was delicious, was the short three weeks' term after Whitsuntide, especially if that festival fell late. In our gardens the limes were in blossom, and their fragrance was a delight in itself. Every window in the College stood wide

open from morning to night, and from night to morning. No one except the unfortunates destined for immediate slaughter in the schools, dreamed of reading or of examinations. Everybody seemed to be in the open air all day long, some in the cricket-field, and some in the river, while others have been known to spend—let us not harshly say, waste—the “solid afternoon” in the fascinating company of a novel and a cigar enjoyed in a punt on the umbrageous Cherwell. *Sunt quos curriculo—* Men have their tastes in amusement as in art. In the evenings came the boat-races, the prettiest sight of all; with the long line of flashing outriggers fitted with their trained and splendid crews, and conveying in their number and swiftness a never-to-be-forgotten image of the power and the majesty of youth. And by the side of each boat came rolling up along the banks the mighty crowd of fellow-collegians, shouting as they ran, with a prodigality of joyous vigour, and forming, as mass succeeded mass, a scene of animation and enthusiasm hardly to be paralleled, unless at the sister University.

Trinity term culminated, as all the world knows well, in the festivities of commemoration—Show Sunday at our own College striking the note; but the fun during that time became a little too furious, and the breakfasts, lunches, garden-parties, and balls a little too commonplace to hold any special niche in the memory or the affections. To myself at least, the quiet of the long vacation, when the gardens are at their greenest, is far more attractive, or at all events, has been so on the occasions of my later visits. For as there is no solitude like the company of a crowd, so there is no companionship so pleasing as the solitude which is peopled with associations. There are certain cities which to me are full of voices, and whose silence is vocal with the tumultuousness of the past. In Rome not only does the Forum “breathe, burn with Cicero”—perhaps the most courageous statesman who ever lived—not only does Horace saunter with us down the Sacred Way, but the whole tide and rush of the heart of the ancient world seems still to throb and roar around the deserted temples; and the lonely Coliseum re-echoes like the Suburra in the days of Juvenal. At Syracuse, as we sit in the vast theatre, and gaze at the same cloudless expanse of blue sky and bluer ocean which met the eyes of the gay inhabitants two thousand years ago, the air still seems to ring out, not with the battle-cries of Frank or Saracen or Norman, but with the applauding

shouts that hailed the eagle flight of Pindar, when he sang the victories of the illustrious Hiero, and with the last sigh of the glory of Athens as it perished in the quarries at our side after her ill-omened expedition had met its nemesis in the intricate harbour beneath our feet. The feeling is a strange one. It is not exactly desire; it is not regret; it is not even melancholy, though doubtless more than one element of that sentiment may mingle with it; but it is rather a sense of the unfathomable solemnity of life, of the indestructibility of humanity by the mere accident of the grave. It is, to use the magnificent and much misunderstood expression of Professor Tyndall, as if we ourselves "like streaks of the morning cloud had melted into the infinite azure of the past;" and the vast heavens themselves had become a mighty "cloud of living witnesses."

Nowhere is this feeling more natural or more powerful than in the colleges of Oxford when no strange faces are at hand to disturb the tender light of the day that is dead. For the most subtle and peculiar charm of our residence there, lay in the voices of friends and associates; those joyous voices with their merry irony, their audacious questionings, and sometimes their profound and thought-compelling suggestions; voices that echo deep within the soul, years after the tongue by which they found utterance has mouldered in the dust. In the intercourse of undergraduates amongst themselves, new subjects, and, what is far more important, new relations between familiar subjects were ever breaking upon the view and

Opening out long aisles of noble thought;

it might be from a passage in some ancient author, it might be from a passing remark made by a casual acquaintance, who thenceforward ripened quickly into a friend. To all of us there is a horizon; and to most that horizon enjoys an exceedingly limited radius; but the horizon at the University was like that of a man who ascends a lofty mountain and finds it to extend more and more widely as each fresh altitude is attained. Hence it was that living and dead exercised equally their influence on the imagination, and enabled it partly to overcome the limitations of time and space. For that University is like a gigantic phonograph, so to speak, where the mightiest thoughts of all time are recorded in their living characters, and where each fresh impulse of thought may set them vibrating in a thousand directions.



There it is (or was) that popular controversies find their fullest, if not their most accurate, expression. The period of which I speak was one wherein many circumstances combined to raise the general interest in such matters to a more than usual height, and tended to direct our speculations into new and unfamiliar channels. The accents of Newman were still almost as potent as in the days of Littlemore, and Ward's deprivation was still a theme of talk; but this held good rather among a certain not inconsiderable section of the undergraduates than amongst the general body of University members. The time, if I may be permitted the expression, was a kind of watershed between the Tractarian and the Neologian movements which preceded the reign of physical science; and the delivery of Dean Mansel's lectures (which have been not inaptly described as *Finding the Limits of Religious Integration*) may be considered as the dividing ridge. Everywhere the general tone commenced to smack of historic studies and historic methods. Newman himself, as has been well observed, had already led the way by his continual reference to the early Fathers. The opening too of the School of Law and Modern History exercised an important influence in the same direction, while the lectures of Professor Max Müller and the practice of historic etymology insensibly opened our thoughts to fresh and scientific aspects of that study. The writings of Mill were turning the minds of undergraduates towards political and social problems, while Carlyle added a general stimulus to the excitement without guiding the thoughts into any particular direction. Nor must I forget the singularly lucid and beautiful treatise published about that time on *Infinitesimal Calculus*, by Professor Price, the only treatise of its kind to my knowledge which can be read from end to end by the learner without recourse to extraneous assistance, and which certainly went far to popularize study amongst ourselves and to redeem our University from the reproach of neglecting mathematics.

Yet, notwithstanding the force which these and other writers exerted over the mind, it was to the social life rather than to our positive studies, that I think we were most indebted for the stamp which the University impresses upon the character. What we read supplied the food for the nourishment of the reason and the imagination: but the daily converse with our fellows rendered those faculties agile and strong: just as the

habits and surroundings of the army, and not merely the drill, convert the awkward recruit into the smart soldier. How far such a training, whatever its value intellectually, is calculated to nerve the spirit for coping with the rough forces of common life, as to confer an unmixed benefit upon the recipient, is a question which only admits of very doubtful solution, at least so far as material success is concerned. Sometimes, indeed, it proves it to be a boon like that conferred by the Sea-witch upon the Little Mermaid in Andersen's well known and pathetic story, which caused every step she took through the whole remainder of her existence to send a keen pain throughout her body. With the close of the University career comes, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the close of all the studies which have hitherto occupied, with an intensity precluding almost every outlook, the whole of the most formative portion of life. To the rich man of course, that is, to one who can go his own way, and choose his own occupations, his habits and associates will remain pretty much of the same kind as they were at the University: and doubtless the training there acquired gives an added power in any arena where the struggle is purely or chiefly intellectual; though even in politics, as politics go, the habits of constant analysis tends to weight an aspirant by rendering it difficult for him to become a thorough-going partisan. But for the student who has to earn his own bread (not merely butter), and who finds himself at the end of his course crowned with Honours, perhaps, but not aureoled by a Fellowship—a very different matter—to what can *he* turn his hand except to the one profession of teaching, for which he may very probably possess no sort of aptitude? His opening in life is set with threatening clouds indeed. It is not merely that he has begun looking about for employment at an age when most of those similarly situated have already worked their way into the world, and gained some standing with their employers: it is not merely that he knows nothing of trade, nothing of business, nothing of handicraft, but his training in every part, mental and bodily, has been directly opposed both to the ideas and to the requirements of the world. Conceive, for example, a clerk in a merchant's office expecting to knock off work every afternoon at one or two o'clock, and not to resume it again for the day, except for an hour or two privately in the evening, if he pleases. Yet with us the custom was well-nigh universal to devote the whole afternoon every day to exercise: and a most

excellent custom it was for reading men. For years, within such slight limitations as scarcely to be felt at all, the undergraduate has been virtually his own master, working or not as he pleases, when he pleases, and in what he pleases; living for six months of each year in what spot of Europe may seem best to him, and spending the other six amid a host of pleasant associates. And all this time every faculty he possesses has been sedulously trained to analyze and to compare, to criticize, and to discuss, to question and to originate; to habituate him, in short, to every kind of mental habit most repugnant to employers in a subordinate. Strive as he may, he will bear many a scar where a lower degree of refinement would pass scatheless. The seasoned razor used for chopping wood, the racer set between the shafts of a cab, may do their work and prove their mettle to the end; but each blow and jar will tell with a thousand times more force than upon a coarser instrument; and the higher the evidence of the culture which such men preserve, the sadder is the spectacle they present.

And yet it may well be questioned whether any one, who has once been illumined by the torch and energized by the wand of our famous University—that wand, which reversing the magic of Circe can transform swine into honourable men—will not, like the Mermaid, be well content with the bargain he has made, even when the price is fully appreciated by experience. That glowing sense of emancipation from the fear of the consequences of following truth which was I think the most marked of University characteristics, tended greatly to counteract the other more enervating influences, and formed the chief element in that invigorating atmosphere in which warm friendship and high thought flourished as in their native air. This it was, I think, which imparted to undergraduate society its peculiar zest, and imbued it with an elasticity of spirit rarely to be found in other communities; and an admirable quality for the encounters of later years. But however this may be, we may assert without fear of exaggeration, that no life at that age could have been more stirring to the mind, no society could have been more enjoyable than that of Oxford. I have known many a man whose reminiscences of his school-days were bitter beyond expression, but scarce one who had anything but the kindest and most tender memories of his old University.

### *A Short Study in Kant's Philosophy.*

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THE most striking feature in the history of philosophy in England during the past thirty years has been the immigration of German systems of metaphysics. No better proof, perhaps, of the surprising success of the invasion from the Fatherland could be imagined than the extraordinary phenomenon of two Hegelo-Kantian examiners in the London University. That interesting educational institution had for many years back come to be looked upon as a species of pocket borough created to advocate the Materialism of the Mill-and-Bain school of thought. The opposing current, however, has so grown in strength of late years that we now find Messrs. Knight and Adamson sitting in the throne once occupied by Grote's protégés. Indeed, it seems to us that, were it not for the powerful assistance which Materialism received from the theory of Evolution and from the writings of Herbert Spencer, English speculation would be at present on the eve of an Idealistic movement comparable to that which swept over Germany at the beginning of this century. Under these circumstances a few brief remarks on the system of that thinker who inaugurated the purely German speculation of modern times, and who bids so powerfully for philosophical supremacy outside the Church to-day in England, may be of interest to Catholic readers.

Emmanuel Kant was born at Königsberg, in Eastern Prussia, in the year 1724. His parents were poor, but he received a good education in his native town. After spending some years as a tutor in private families he began to give lectures in the Königsberg University in Physics, Mathematics, and Philosophy. In 1770 he was given the Professorship in Logic and Metaphysics, and he held that chair almost till his death in 1804. Kant's life naturally falls into two periods—the dogmatic and the critical. During the first he wrote a variety of works on mathematical and scientific subjects, and

his philosophy was then derived chiefly from Wolff and Leibnitz. The second period dates from about 1769, when he began to build up his system of critical philosophy, though it was not till 1781 that he published his great work, the *Critique of the Pure Reason*. The year after he brought out his *Critique of the Practical Reason*, and in 1787 a second and revised edition of the former work. Besides these, which were his chief treatises, he wrote a large number of books and essays on different subjects, scientific and philosophic.

Kant tells us himself that it was Hume's objections to the principle of causality which first interrupted what he calls his "dogmatic slumber." But probably an ulterior cause may be found in his partial adherence to Descartes, for that philosopher's system offers a fair field to the sceptic. However this may be, the critical philosophy owes its origin to Kant's desire to find a mean between "Dogmatism," or the unqualified acceptance of the clear testimony of our faculties, and "Scepticism," or complete disbelief in such testimony. This mean he professes to have found in his criticism, which makes all knowledge depend on the critical examination of the human faculty of knowledge. He begins by examining our judgments, and classifies them as "analytic" and "synthetic." By "analytic" he means judgments in which the predicate is contained in the notion of the subjects, and he quotes, as the type of this class, the principle of identity, "A is A." Now, all such judgments are necessary and strictly universal, and Kant calls them therefore, *a priori* judgments, since he assumes that this universality and necessity is not in any way derivable from experience. In synthetic judgments, on the other hand, the predicate cannot be obtained by analysis of the subject, but is added to it. This synthesis of predicate with subject can be effected according to Kant in two ways; either by experience, as in the judgment, "grass is green," "the weather is fine," and these he calls "*a posteriori synthetic* judgments;" or else, apart from all experience, in *a priori synthetic* judgments. That the latter class exist is, he says, undeniable, and he gives as examples the Principle of Causality, most mathematical axioms, and certain physical laws such as that of the constant amount of matter in the universe. Take for instance the axiom that two straight lines cannot enclose a space. First, it is evidently both necessary and universal, and cannot therefore on Kantian

principles be derived from experience, it is then an *a priori* judgment. Secondly, the predicate connoting space is not contained in the subject which deals with lines only. The axiom is therefore both *a priori* and *synthetic*. Having established the existence of *synthetic a priori* judgments, Kant proceeds to explain their origin, apparent necessity, and universality.<sup>1</sup> To do this he sets about examining our knowledge of the external world, and discovers throughout all our sensations two elements which are ever present, space and time. From the very dawn of experience everything we apprehend contains the element of space, all our sensations are related to each other in time. Colour, form, material, every other property varies, but these two elements are present in every experience; we cannot even imagine their absence. Again, knowledge may be looked upon as the product of a process of psychical assimilation between the knowing mind and the object known. Now the mind is constant while the objects continually vary, and similarly in our knowledge there are constant elements, space and time, and varying elements, such as colour, form, material, chemical properties, and the rest. The natural conclusion is, according to Kant, that the constant elements are due to the constant mind, and the varying elements to the varying objects, or in other words, that space and time are mental forms imposed on our sensations of external objects. There are thus in all cognitions two factors, the objective factor furnished by the thing as it actually exists, or the "noumenon," as Kant calls it, and the subjective factor supplied by the mind. The union of these two produces the phenomenon.

Since space has been proved to be a mental form the axioms of geometry dealing with the essential properties of space have a merely subjective necessity. That two straight lines cannot enclose a space is true, necessarily true, but only to man, since it is only in the mind of man and in the form of a concept, that the space we know exists. Whether in reality two objective straight lines might not enclose a space, for Kant admits the existence of a noumenal space of some sort, is far beyond our powers of knowledge, and that for the simple reason that we have no conception either of noumenal lines

<sup>1</sup> A complete exposition and refutation of Kant's doctrine of *Synthetic a priori* judgments will be found in the volume on *Logic*, pp. 60-70, of the Stonyhurst series of Manuals of Catholic Philosophy.



or of noumenal space. Similarly the necessity and universality of arithmetical truths are deduced from the subjective form of time. We say three and nine *must* make twelve, and we are right in saying so, for to our human minds the proposition is necessary and universal, but whether the addition of three noumenal apples to nine others would give the sum of twelve noumenal apples, we cannot tell.

Having once started this doctrine of mental forms, Kant does not confine them to sensation. He divides our mental faculties into sense, understanding, and reason, and the last two have their appropriate mental forms as well as the first. To the understanding he assigns twelve "categories" or "forms of thought." He describes them as original conceptions of the understanding by which all our acts of judgment are conditioned. He catalogues them as *unity, plurality, totality; reality, negation, limitation; substantiality, causality, reciprocal action; possibility, existence, necessity*. Every judgment must come under one or other of these categories, and must be moulded accordingly, while all empirical knowledge necessarily depends on their validity. Finally, the reason rising to a yet higher level forms three great "ideas," the *Psychological Idea* of the soul as a constantly enduring personality, the *Cosmological Idea* of the world as the absolute unity of an unlimited casual series of phenomena, and the *Theological Idea* of God, the absolute substance and most perfect Being. These ideas far transcend all possible experience and consequently have no theoretic validity; this can also be shown by the antinomies or contradictions which can logically be deduced from them. He holds, for instance, that the *Thesis*, "Every composite substance is made up of simple parts," and the *Antithesis*, "There exists nothing simple," may both be deduced from the cosmological idea.

Such is a very brief outline of Kant's *Critique of the Pure Reason*. We have only space to indicate some of the chief objections to it. First and foremost, his critical position is in reality quite untenable. No system can be built on criticism any more than on scepticism. We must have something assumed, some facts granted, to form our foundations. As Hamilton puts it: "Every 'how' rests ultimately on a 'that,' every demonstration is deduced from something given and indemonstrable," and the veracity of the clear testimony of consciousness is one of these indemonstrable facts. Thus it is

impossible to demonstrate that I see a fire-place before me, or that a thing is identical with itself. Any attempt at proof or criticism of this testimony is sure to involve a *petitio principii*. For example, in his proof of the subjectivity of space, Kant tells us that objects vary in all but the element of extension, yet surely this implies that the objects possess unity or plurality, and these he afterwards explains as mental forms. No, the only justification of our faculties is a *reductio ad absurdum* arising from their denial, and on such a proof rests ultimately all our knowledge. We have to choose between accepting the clear evidence of our intellect or falling back into absolute scepticism. There is no other logical alternative. Refuse to believe consciousness and you must believe nothing, neither your own existence nor that of those around you. Your eyes and your ears are given you but to deceive you; nay, for all you know, you may not have eyes, ears, or any body at all. In a word, your life will be in very truth "an empty dream," and the battle of life a struggle more ghostlike than that last, dim, weird battle of King Arthur when,—

A death white mist slept over sand and sea.

Again Kant's arguments for the subjectivity of space and time seem at first sight to possess some plausibility, but there is a simple answer to all. Two explanations can be given of the apparent fact that there is a spatial element in all material nature. One is the theory of subjective forms which Kant adopts, the other is the assumption that there actually is an extended spatial world outside us, and that we perceive it because it *is*. This, at any rate, is the way in which every human being from Adam downwards has interpreted the notion of space in practical, every-day life. Now the vulgar explanation accounts for all the facts, and at the very best Kant's artificial hypothesis could do no more. In truth, however, it does nothing of the sort. The propositions of the sciences of physical optics and astronomy become absolutely unintelligible when we endeavour to substitute Kant's mental forms for real space and time.

Perhaps, however, the weakest point in the critical philosophy lies in Kant's illogical belief in the existence of an external universe at all. He maintains the existence of a real world outside of us, yet he denies it not only spatial extension, but also unity or plurality, existence, possibility, and the rest. Still he repudiates idealism: there is he says, a noumenal space and

a noumenal time with noumenal sun, moon, and stars; but, since these are utterly unlike our space and our heavenly bodies, they will ever remain as mysterious as Mr. Spencer's great Unknown and Unknowable. But the question may pertinently be asked: What grounds have we for believing in the existence of noumena at all, if we cannot perceive them or know anything about them? The only real reply Kant can make is founded on the principle of causality. There must be something to account for our sensations. But Kant has already classed this very Principle among the purely subjective categories. This fatal mistake was soon perceived by his followers, and even before the master's death his disciple Fichte had developed his system into one of complete idealism.

It is pleasant to turn from the *Critique of the Pure Reason* to its sister work the *Critique of the Practical Reason*, for while the conclusion of the first is that our theoretic knowledge cannot transcend phenomena, the result of the second is positive belief in the freedom of the will, the immortality of the soul and the existence of God. The first step towards this is to show that the actions of men are conditioned by a motive higher than those of mere sense. This higher motive is the moral law spontaneously imposed on the will by the reason itself; it is a "categorical imperative," that is to say, there is no condition about it. It says, "Thou shalt not kill," not, "If thou wilt be happy, thou must not kill." From the supremacy of this moral law of the reason over sensuous motives Kant deduces the freedom of the will, and next goes on to point out how the law is not individual, but universal and binding on all rational creatures. What is the law for one must be the law for all: he then formulates the following general precept: "Act on a maxim which thou canst will to be law universal."

This law the human will must obey for no motive beyond the law itself and respect for it; and any action which, though done in accordance with the law, is yet not done purely for its sake, he calls "legal," not "moral." The law is a stern master, it should inspire respect and awe, but not love. From the supremacy of the Moral Law, Kant passes on to the consideration of the *summum bonum*, which he says the practical reason demands for man. It cannot consist in virtue alone, for sentient man requires "felicity;" it will consist therefore in the causal union of the greatest virtue with the greatest felicity, the virtue being the cause of the felicity. Now this union is clearly

impossible in the present life, there must therefore be another life in which it is possible. But even in Heaven a being composed of reason and sense can only approach in an infinite series to ideal holiness. This requires an infinite duration of personal existence, or the immortality of the soul. Lastly, supreme felicity is impossible without some Being who is Lord of the natural and moral worlds, an Intelligence who knows our minds, and who thus has the power and the will to give us this perfect felicity. Such a Being is God. So from the utterances of the practical reason are deduced the ideas of free will, immortality, and God: they are not "theoretical dogmas" but "practical postulates, necessary presuppositions of moral action." All I know is that there are realities corresponding to these ideas; about their attributes and properties I know nothing.

In this system of Ethics there are indeed some attractive stoical principles, and the emphasis laid on the supremacy of the moral law and the existence of free will is a valuable admission in these days, when so many of our modern philosophers seek to ignore the dependence of Ethics upon moral liberty and a future life. Still, even if we look at the system as complete in itself and apart from Kant's other principles, there are several points with which we should have to quarrel. For instance, according to him an action is virtuous only when *every* motive of pleasure is excluded. This is an ultra-stoical doctrine quite inconsistent with man's actual nature, and it would make any virtuous action practically impossible, at least to the average human being. Again, he makes created human reason the ultimate foundation of morality, but moral obligation is incomplete without the command of God, and the natural law, like all that exists, must ultimately depend on the Divine Nature.

It is, however, when we look at Kant's Ethics in the light of those doctrines on human knowledge and reason which we first described, that the utter irreconcilability between the Pure and the Practical Reason becomes manifest. By confining his reasoning within the region of the mind and avoiding all proofs of the existence of God deduced from the external world, he has contrived not to fall foul of his theories on the subjectivity of space. But no argument can help assuming the objective validity of the notions of existence, causality, unity, and the other categories, and if we apply to Kant's "practical postu-

lates" the principles he has enunciated in his criticism, they must rank as illusions with space, substance, and the rest. The two critiques are interesting, however, on account of their very incongruity. They show how impossible it is to unite with any logical consistency an idealistic philosophy with a belief in God, in morality, and all that ennoble man in this life or makes him look forward to the next.

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## *The Parisians of To-day.*

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THE nature of the Parisian has been at all times mobile and many-sided, but that distinctive trait has never been so marked as in the Parisians of to-day. It would be difficult to pourtray the manifold characteristics of this gifted people. I shall, therefore, confine myself to sketching briefly the salient points in their character.

Let us first consider their physical condition.

From the latest census returns it appears that not more than one-third of the inhabitants are autochthonous.<sup>1</sup> Provincials form a very large element in the picturesque and animated panorama of Parisian life. Among these Alsace-Lorrainers predominate. Next in numbers come Auvergnats, Bretons, and Marseillais. From these the indigenous Parisian is easily distinguished by superior elegance in dress, bearing, and accent.

Taken *en masse*, the Parisians of the present day are well-built and vigorous. One rarely meets with the small, lean, Voltairean type of men who formed such a large proportion of the population of Paris in former years. At present, well-rounded limbs, broad shoulders, and rosy faces prevail amongst them. They have small, well-shaped hands and feet, and their tapered fingers denote artistic skill. Parisians are also remarkable for their regular, white teeth. Dentists are employed by the State to attend to the teeth of the children in the public schools under its control. Certificates of good character and sound health are also required by the law on the part of nurses before they are allowed to take charge of infants, which accounts, in a great measure, for the healthy appearance of most of the children in Paris. This improvement in physique is especially noticeable in the files of youthful students, brimming over with health and vivacity, who pass frequently through the streets, and whose appearance augurs well, not only for the rising, but also for the future generations of Parisians. Occasionally, one sees persons

<sup>1</sup> According to these returns, there are 180,253 foreign residents in Paris.



of very remarkable stature, especially among women of the working class, who, with advancing years, usually gain in *embonpoint*. Among that class also the employment in which each person is engaged is divined, even apart from its special livery, at a glance. Each occupation would seem to have its peculiar physique: coachmen, policemen, postmen, &c., seem to be modelled on the same pattern, and resemble each other so closely that they look like so many groups of Dromios and Sosias. This is caused by the strict regulations and routine to which they are subjected. The Republicans of France are gifted with that genius for organization for which the nation has been always remarkable, and which enables her mental and manual toilers to go through so much hard work with efficiency and ease.

After this passing glance at the physical, let us now turn to some other characteristics of the Parisians of to-day. In traversing the thoroughfares, even a superficial observer cannot fail to notice, in the well-clad, cheerful crowds with which the streets are thronged, the unmistakeable evidences of a well-to-do and thriving community. What also strikes the attentive visitor who has been in Paris during the Second Empire, is the evident diminution in luxury and the desire for pleasure. The style of dress, as well as that of living generally, is less expensive. There is more simplicity in the tone, habits, and social entertainments of the citizens. Wiser than their predecessors of the past generation, the prudent Parisians of to-day take care to live well within their means. The economy which now prevails so generally among them has been mainly caused by the prolonged depression in trade, from the effects of which France, in common with other countries, is still suffering.

One cannot fail also to note the comparative absence of the brilliant military parades and displays which constituted such an attractive feature of Parisian out-door life in the reign of Napoleon the Third. Nevertheless, on special occasions, Paris can now present grand military spectacles; and in the opinion of competent judges the review at Longchamps on the last National Fête-day, was the most magnificent that has ever been held in France.

To the average stranger the surface life of Paris appears as glittering and as full of giddy excitement as when under Imperial sway. This phase, however, is chiefly confined to those foreign and provincial visitors whose sole object in coming

to the capital is amusement. The mass of true Parisians keep aloof from this "fast" life. They are not, as they were formerly, absorbed in the present, but keep their eyes steadily on the future. They know that France is not yet consolidated, and that she is undergoing a period of transition. They are also preoccupied with the development of their colonial power and of their commerce, which is seriously affected by the keen competition of other nations. These considerations, coupled with the isolated position of the Republic in the midst of monarchical Powers bristling with arms, impose grave reflections on all thoughtful Frenchmen. The Parisians of to-day are, therefore, very different from those who were mere pleasure-seekers under kingly and Imperial *régimes*.

Republican institutions have not exerted a deteriorating effect on the manners of the Parisians, who, after having been subject to democratic rule for the last eighteen years, have lost nothing of their traditional politeness. Parisian parents, as a rule, train their children well: and even children of the humblest class have sometimes such good manners that one finds it difficult to believe they belong to the *bas peuple*. The graceful, deferential manner of well-bred men towards females is possessed by the Parisians in a supreme degree. Their courtesy is ingrained, and not the mere assumed politeness of "company manners;" it is inspired by a sincere desire to please. The manners of what is called "good society" are pretty much the same everywhere; but among Parisians moving in high social spheres, conventionalities are more strictly observed than elsewhere. Fastidious and punctilious in the extreme, they tolerate no deviation from the standard of etiquette; and strangers who live among them for some time are sure to acquire much of the French demeanour and manners. Polite and amiable as they are, nevertheless, when their honour or dignity is touched, the latent Gallic fire will flash out, with unpleasant consequences to the offender, should he be unskilled in the use of sword or pistol. The practice of duelling was never so prevalent in Paris as it has been of late, especially among journalists. British and American pressmen are pachydermatous; but French ones are extremely sensitive, as the duels which so often take place among them sufficiently prove. These duels, however, seldom have a fatal result; a slight wound, which puts one of the adversaries *hors de combat*, suffices to terminate the encounter. After such duels the principals are, to quote the expression of a French wit, *aussi*

*peu morts que possible.* So rooted is the habit of duelling in the customs of Parisians, that a writer in the *National*, advertng to a recent case in which the rules of the *duello* had been violated by one of the combatants, suggested, as a fitting punishment, that the infringer of the code should be debarred by a "court of honour" from *enjoying* henceforth the privilege (?) of fighting a duel. Apropos of this custom, another writer in a Parisian journal relates that a well-known author, having had a misunderstanding with a person at a public meeting, refused the card which the other presented to him, as a preliminary to the usual interchange of bullets or sword thrusts, for the following reason: "I don't know you, sir; and I have laid it down as a principle never to fight, *save with my friends.*"

Parisians are distinguished for the subtlety and piquancy of their conversational powers. They possess in a marked degree that rapid flow of ideas and felicity of expression which are special gifts of the brilliant Gallic race, and which, united to perfect self-confidence, enable them to speak well on almost all subjects both in public and private. They are keen observers, and their conversation is often seasoned with playful irony and sarcasm. Beneath this artificial fire of badinage, however, there is a substratum of earnestness and width of sympathy. No people are more generous and charitable whenever an appeal is made to them in the cause of charity either in France or abroad. You will frequently see a Parisian cross a street to drop a coin into the hand of a beggar or an itinerant musician, and mendicants at the doors of churches reap a plentiful harvest of *sous*; while the charitable institutions of Paris are more numerous and more liberally supported than those of any other capital in the world.<sup>1</sup> Wealthy Parisians frequently bequeath munificent sums to local charities, a notable instance of which is furnished in the will of the late Madame Boucicault, proprietress of the "Bon Marché." That large-hearted lady left ten million francs for the foundation of a hospital for the poor in the metropolis, and an equal sum to charities in the provinces, and in legacies to the numerous *employés* of her establishment. It is but doing simple

<sup>1</sup> M. Maxime Du Camp cites many examples of the charitable and generous nature of the Parisians in his interesting work *Paris Bienfaisant*. A striking instance of the devotion of French Catholics to St. Joseph, and of the absence of ostentation in their charitable gifts, is afforded in the fact of the Archbishop of Lyons having lately received, anonymously, the sum of 100,000 francs (£4,000) to establish a chair of medicine in the Catholic Faculties of Lyons, on condition that it should be named the "Chair of St. Joseph."

justice to the people of Paris to say that the great mass of them are inspired by noble and generous instincts, which impel them to help the unfortunate, succour the destitute, and champion the wronged.

A conspicuous characteristic of the Parisians is their liking for news and novelties. They like new fashions, new books, new plays, new music, new songs, and new scandals. They are especially fond of new "lions," who are fêted for a time to their hearts' content. MM. de Lesseps, *le grand Français*, de Brazza, Chevreul, and Pasteur, have been each in turn the hero of the hour. Events succeed each other so rapidly in Paris, and so capricious is the favour of its populace, that the most famous men are soon forgotten, and the celebrity of a few days has the mortification of seeing himself superseded by another who will receive the same evanescent homage. The Parisian playgoers were consoled for the appalling catastrophe of the Opéra Comique by the prospect of having, ere long, a *new* theatre in its place. The denizens of the beloved city of the Emperor Julian are insatiable newspaper readers, and the numerous daily and weekly journals are well patronized by all classes. Illustrated papers, which have largely increased of late, are in great demand, and the kiosks in which their admirably executed engavings are displayed, invariably attract a knot of smiling or admiring idlers, according as the subject of the illustrations is comic or serious. It is this yearning for what is novel and startling that makes the inhabitants of the queen of cities so ready to accept any new psychological or spiritualistic theory. Mesmerism, electro-biology, spiritism, and hypnotism have each had its day; and the leaders of Parisian society are glad to receive the professors of the latest form of those so-called psychical sciences at their "at homes."

Another characteristic of Parisians is their extreme love of cleanliness, especially in their persons. In their dress they are neatness itself. Indeed, they are so scrupulously neat in their raiment that one instinctively feels that they are fitted to live in a purer and cleaner world. The municipality of Paris seems to be thoroughly imbued with this cleanly instinct, the streets being kept in an admirable state of preservation and cleanliness. Workmen are constantly employed in repairing the thoroughfares. It is during the small hours of the night, however, that the toilet of the fair city is usually made, in order not to impede carriage traffic or encumber the

pathways ; and when the good citizens wake up in the morning they find their dear Lutetia newly embellished, her wrinkles smoothed away, and her cheeks adorned with a fresh bloom.

Although the Parisians, despite their natural good sense, are sometimes liable to paroxysms of extreme excitement, it must be mentioned to their credit that, in the grave Presidential and Ministerial crisis through which the nation has lately passed, and which seemed to imperil the very existence of the Republic, the Parisians showed a most commendable coolness and self-possession. When excited by party spirit, which runs high in Paris, they are apt, however, to lose self-command ; and the language of speakers is at times so violent at many public meetings that these are dispersed by the police.

Parisians are very fond of animal pets, and entertain a special affection for dogs, for which they pay a heavy tax uncomplainingly. In their daily promenades most ladies are accompanied by one or two of these canine favourites, which are also luxuriously installed in the carriages of their mistresses whenever they take a drive. A curious illustration of this love of animals was that of the late Charles Monselet, a poet, and one of the literary critics of the *Figaro*, who wrote a touching sonnet to a favourite pig, in which he addressed his porcine pet as *cher ange* !

Coachmen and drivers of all kinds of vehicles treat their horses kindly, and rarely beat them. A short time since I overheard a cab driver, while standing beside his horse and gently stroking its mane, address the animal thus : "The pavement of Paris is hard to thy feet, poor thing, and thou art now sweating, footsore, and weary ; but I shall soon strengthen thee with a good feed of oats, and refresh thee with a cool draught of water." On another occasion I heard a waggon driver thus remonstrate with a refractory horse : "You big, obstinate fool, you won't go on, hein ? You would be a lazy aristocrat, forsooth, and eat, drink, and sleep, without doing any work, hein ? Get on, then !" This last adjuration was accompanied with a loud and *persuasive* crack of his whip.

A notable feature in the character of the Parisians is their love of out-door amusements, which has, indeed, been always one of their leading proclivities. Like the Romans of old, the populace of the French metropolis hanker after the *panem*

*et circenses.* The *fêtes* which are so frequently held in the vicinity of the city are densely thronged with pleasure-seekers ; and on the days when the fountains of Versailles and Saint-Cloud play, trains, tramways, and steamers are crowded with persons hastening to see these grand displays of hydraulic art. In truth, however dull trade may be, the masses seem to have money for everything, without encroaching on the *petit magot*, or "nest-egg," which they prudently lay by for any emergency.

Paris has been at all times the head-quarters of the culinary art, and its inhabitants have been always very particular in the matter of food. Under the Second Empire they were more addicted to gourmandise, and indulged in more luxurious fare ; but the Parisians of to-day possess a much superior *cuisine*, which has never been so cosmopolitan as at present. There are numerous restaurants in which the special dishes and liquors of almost all nationalities can be procured, from the roast pig or puppy and *schamschu* of the Chinaman to the canvas-back duck and sherry-cobbler of the American. Parisians are now more fastidious and exacting as regards the quality and cooking of their food than they were a few years ago. Diners in restaurants frequently reject dishes which to less "educated" palates would seem faultless. Indeed, wholesome food, coupled with the pure air and good water of Paris, is one of the chief causes of the healthful condition of the mass of its inhabitants.

For Parisian *gourmets* it would appear that the provinces exist only to provide the capital with delicacies. In fact, Paris is the *enfant gâté* of the nation, and provincials are solicitous to supply it with their daintiest edibles, not without considerable profit to themselves, be it understood. The failure of a favourite dish will try the equanimity of some of the Parisian epicures, who will grieve, like Cambacères, over a disaster in their kitchens, while they remain comparatively unmoved by the storms and excitements of political life. An amusing illustration of this trait appeared in the *Figaro* a short time since. Rabbits had multiplied so much, and were committing such ravages in some of the State demesnes, that the Government decided on diminishing their numbers by a wholesale *battue*. Commenting on this decision, an old monarchist gave vent to his indignation in this fashion : "They (the Government) have shown bitter intolerance towards the Church, have banished



my princes from France, and have wasted her blood and treasure in Tunis and Tonquin. I have endured all this patiently; but *now* that they make war on the rabbit, *now* that they touch my *lapin sauté*,—ah! I arise and denounce that Ministry!"

Parisians are very fond of public banquets. Every guild and association, political, social, or charitable, in the city, gives at least two or three public dinners annually. It seems to be one of the functions of every French Minister to preside at festive gatherings, at which they deliver eloquent and patriotic speeches. The epicures of the city *où l'on dine* are so fond of gastronomic luxuries that, during the last visitation of the cholera in the capital, they provided themselves with flannel belts, and did not consume a *salmi* the less for the presence of the dread epidemic. They sat down to their meals with sadness; nevertheless they ate them with gusto. True disciples of Brillat Savarin, they believe a good dinner to be the best antidote against fear and sorrow.

The people of Paris are accused of being excessively vain and boastful. Undoubtedly, the cultured Parisian is justly proud of his mental gifts, especially of his ready wit. He piques himself on his correct taste and infallible judgment in matters literary and artistic, and no critics are more dogmatic than those who write for the metropolitan journals and reviews. Like the Romans of the Cæsars, Parisians are also passionately enamoured of their beautiful city, and with good reason. With its stately edifices, superb avenues, brilliant boulevards, and numerous artistic fountains, statues, and monuments, the fair city of the Seine seems to merit the title given to it by an English writer who has styled it "the glory and pride of the world."

Parisians are also proud of their many distinguished men, especially of the forty "Immortals" of the Academy, which, it is needless to say, is composed of *esprits d'élite*. Their vanity on that score is pardonable and even justifiable, for Paris holds unquestionably the first rank among great centres of intellect. More than any other capital, it attracts and absorbs all the best thought, talent, ability—in fact, all the life-blood of the provinces, as well as many gifted men of other countries; and Paris is to-day, what it has been for centuries, the heart and brain of France.

The mind of the Gaul is more objective than subjective, and

concrete things occupy his attention to the exclusion of abstract theories. This especially applies to Parisians, among whom there is no type of the lotus-eater; and whenever they stroll in that Præneste of the capital, the Luxembourg gardens, it is not for the purpose of indulging in vague reveries or ambitious dreams, but to brace their constitution, gossip with a companion, or meditate their *d'àpropos*. They are not content with anything mystical: they must see to the end of things, like practical people as they are.

Although seemingly inconsistent with the simplicity and absence of display which are assumed to be the attributes of a Republic, Parisians love uniforms, and are fond of displaying insignia denoting an authoritative position. Officials who have the right to wear them seize every opportunity to exhibit their gold lace and cocked hats; and when the mayor of an arrondissement dons his scarf, he becomes doubly important in his own sight and that of an admiring public. Parents, and mothers especially, delight in seeing their boys in the uniforms of the various colleges and *lycées*; and when the lads are at home during vacation-time, their parents walk proudly with them through the streets. The warlike Gauls love to see marching regiments, the sheen of arms, the blazon of rustling standards, and to hear the stirring strains of martial music, accompanied by

The plumèd crests of chieftains brave  
Floating like foam upon the wave.<sup>1</sup>

The people of the French capital have also a passion for *décorations*, which are worn by a large number of them. On the principle of *honos alit artes*, the much-coveted order of the Legion of Honour is generally conferred on persons of conspicuous ability, especially on those who render important services to France, not the least worthy amongst whom are many priests and nuns, who have earned the "star of the brave" by heroic devotedness to their duties on the battlefield or in hospital wards during the prevalence of deadly epidemics.

I have already written about two interesting and important classes of the Parisian population.<sup>2</sup> The space at my disposal

<sup>1</sup> Scott.

<sup>2</sup> In an article on the Parisian working classes in the *New York Catholic World* of October, 1887, and another on the industrial and commercial classes of Paris in the August number of *THE MONTH*, 1888.

will not permit any reference at present to its literary and artistic circles. But an article on the Parisians would be incomplete without some notice of *la Parisienne*. In describing her more than a century ago, Rousseau wrote: "La mode domine les provinciales; mais les Parisiennes dominent la mode, et la savent plier *chacune à son avantage*." These words are equally applicable to the Parisian ladies of to-day, who possess an indefinable air of elegance and grace. Although not arrayed in the gorgeous *toilettes* of the Second Empire, their present more reserved and dignified tone and bearing render them more pleasing than ever; and the Parisian lady of high position, when doing the honours at her receptions, mingles with her courtesy a certain tact which conciliates all guests, and enhances the brilliancy of her entertainments.

The question of "women's rights" is not agitated in France. As Frenchwomen take such a large part in the management of business and the household, and as they conduct both so well, Frenchmen naturally accord to them as much authority and influence as a wise woman needs. Many liberal professions being now open to women, numbers of those of the middle class avail themselves of the privilege, and create for themselves a respectable independence; and even ladies possessing independent incomes often increase them by giving lessons in music, drawing, &c.<sup>1</sup> This gives them funds for "extras;" and, to their honour be it told, much of the money thus gained is employed in the cause of the poor. Many religious and charitable societies are formed by ladies of wealth and high social position, who, in relieving the suffering, give an edifying example which shines before the world. Among these societies the *Union des Femmes de France* is most prominent, and sends an immense amount of relief in money and provisions to those who suffer from war or other calamities. Since its formation that society has expended nearly two million francs in that good work. The French and Anglo-American branches of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul in Paris comprise not only many of the most influential men, but also numbers of the wealthiest ladies in the capital; and in the extent of its operations in relieving the poor of the city, that society, with much more limited means, rivals the benevolent State institution, *L'Assistance Publique*.

Such, then, is Catholic Paris. For fourteen centuries the

<sup>1</sup> Recent statistical returns show that about three million and a half women in France derive a means of subsistence by the exercise of professions or trades.

Church has been intimately associated with her greatness and glory. France was the first to send forth its chivalry to the Crusades ; and its stately and venerable cathedrals are magnificent records of the deep-hearted faith and piety of mediæval Gaul, which still survive in that nation which has given so many saints and martyrs to the Church, and produced such splendid champions in the cause of religion as Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Chateaubriand, Lacordaire, Montalembert, and Monsabre. And now and always, by God's blessing, France will continue to retain the position which she has hitherto held in the van of civilization and progress, as well befits *la fille aînée de l'Eglise*.

B. ARCHDEKAN-CODY.

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## *The Popular Representation of Shakespeare.*

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IT is commonly said that there are two ways of looking at most things; and the view of Shakespeare taken by his admirers is no exception to this rule. On the one side are those who hold it to be "murder" of our poet to act his plays; who would on no account have their own enjoyment of his verse, or their own conception and interpretation of his characters and meanings, interfered with by seeing them represented—no matter how well—on the stage; who look upon him in short, as poet and philosopher, but not as dramatist in the practical sense of the word, and would undoubtedly laugh to scorn the notion of his being anything but "caviare to the general."

On the other side are those who maintain that Shakespeare is a writer of plays for the stage, not for the study: a "maker" not for the pedant but for the people; who remind us that in Elizabethan days a dramatist meant essentially a purveyor for the theatre, which establishment was his very *raison d'être*; who, in short, uphold our "William" as being, whatever else he may be, above and before all things an *acting* poet.

Now, of course, each of these views has both its own right to be maintained and its own ground of maintenance: it is but one more tribute to the genius of the man that he can be looked at, by equally admiring votaries, from two such opposite points of view. But for the purposes of this paper we shall entirely dismiss the first-mentioned theory, as fit only for the few: for the critic, the scholar, or the fastidious *dilettante*. Let those who hold it lay down the article and retire, with their Dyce and their dignity, to the study fire, there to re-immense themselves in their own private cogitations on "the Porter's speech," or their next paper for the Shakespeare Society. We are going here on the assumption that Shakespeare, having originally written his plays for acting, intended them always to be acted: that it is an insult to

a play-writer to suppose that his plays will lose by representation, or to a poet to believe that the beauty of his verse will not survive vulgar usage. We take it for granted, moreover, that there could scarcely be found a genius whose poetry and action so perfectly help each other out as do those of our own great fellow-countryman.

Assuming, then, this side of the question as a standpoint, our object is to contribute some suggestions towards the accomplishment of a more frequent and popular representation of our national dramatist than we have at present. It is true that there has been of late years a good deal of what the newspapers would call "Shakespeare revival" at the theatres, by the popular actors, and with all the popular paraphernalia, of the day. Stage-lovers have had plenty of opportunity for criticizing various favourites in their assumption of his chief characters, in tragedy or comedy, or for discussing the reproduction—in all their *minutiae*—of the various managers' notions concerning the scenes whereon these characters play their parts, and the dresses wherewith they clothe themselves for these parts. Some of these representations have paid, some have not; in some the favourite stars have shone brilliantly, in others their lustre has been but dim: but, whichever way the tide of success or failure has flowed, the "revivals" may, we think, be safely said to have been merely matters of pay and "starring" from first to last. And, indeed, it is difficult to see how it should be otherwise, according to the standard of dress and scenery now in vogue at the Lyceum and others of our chief theatres. To produce a Shakespeare play on the scale now common must be so heavy an expense—apart from the actors' salaries—as could not be incurred by any manager without the expectation of good returns, and one that must effectually prevent his producing many Shakespearian dramas in the course of a year, at any theatre where other kinds of work have also to be represented. Hence, such revivals as these can hardly be described as a "popular" use of our poet.

Those interested in such matters will perhaps recollect that some time ago, on the occasion of some special "revival" at the Lyceum, there was a discussion in some of the newspapers as to the advisability of representing Shakespeare without all this elaboration of scenery, in some fashion more analogous to the performances of his own day. Indeed, if



we remember rightly, the question was raised whether it might not be better to produce his plays with no scenery or special dresses at all—no indication of period, and only the old post and hand-bill as a sign of place. In short, to put it vulgarly, the discussion was as to whether we should choose Shakespeare “with” or Shakespeare “without” as the best means of displaying his genius and securing the most frequent production of his works. Such a discussion, of course, is not uncommon among those who consider the subject only theoretically, and it is doubtless easy to be a strong partisan for either view on the purely intellectual or literary side. But when we come to consider the matter practically from the acting point of view it seems more difficult to arrive at a definite solution of the question: there are *pros* and *cons* for each method of representation, more than may appear at first sight; and it will be well to consider these impartially for a moment, without proceeding further.

We will take first the side of representation “with.” To some people it would no doubt seem pure barbarism to act any plays without dress and scenery appropriate to the period and characters represented.

Many playgoers feel that part of the very essence of a theatrical performance lies in making it a feast to the eye as well as to the mind; that you need correct reproductions of costume and surroundings to help out your realization of character and incident; and that if all you wanted were to enter intellectually into the poetry or philosophy of the dramatist, you might as well study him at home, or have mere “readings” without any pretence at acting. To people who feel thus, the idea of producing Shakespeare's plays on the other plan would do away with all advantage in producing them at all, by making them uninteresting and unreal.

This elaborate method of putting plays on the stage, however, involves, as we have remarked, so great an expenditure of time and money as to render popular performances of Shakespeare impossible, except on very rare occasions.

Let us now look at the other side of the question, and see whether there is not a good deal to be said for the opposite theory, *i.e.*, that, so far from costume and scenery in accordance with the period and place of a play being necessary to the realization of its character and ideas, they are in many cases a positive hindrance. Though a pantomime, a ballet, a burlesque,

or even a sensational melodrama, may certainly require the accompaniment of elaborate scenic art, this arises from the fact that such productions actually depend for their success on agreeableness to the eye, being "spectacular vehicles"—if one may coin such an expression—in their very essence. But when a play is intended to tell a story and to convey ideas through its writer's words, and when its treatment of character, its plot and incidents, are all made to serve towards this end, any accompaniment of outward surroundings which too much attracts the eye and generally pleases the senses, tends to distract the mind from its concentration on and right understanding of the full beauties of the dramatist. In this, as in so many other cases, "plain living and high thinking" are often connected. Go, by all means, to see a "piece" as magnificently put on the stage as you like, if you want recreation of a sort which a *tableau vivant* will provide; or if you want to study the progress of modern attainments in departments of costume, management of lights, scene-painting, and all the minor arts that come into play in the production of great *spectacles*; or, again, if you simply want a hearty laugh, and if the scenic accompaniments of an operetta or burlesque are part of its fun. All this sort of theatrical representation has its own place in the field of amusement, and is good on its own merits; but it is not true dramatic art, whose object is to convey the thoughts and conceptions of the dramatist to the minds of his audience in as direct a mode as possible, that is to say, without the intervention of some quite separate art.

The adversaries of such theories as these may perhaps here object that the adoption of this method would be equivalent to giving up Shakespeare as an *acting* dramatist altogether; and that you might as well agree at once to the view that he should be treated as poet only, and be content with "readings" of him. But this we can by no means concede. Looking at the question from the purely intellectual point of view alone, the mere reading of a play would *not* answer even all literary and critical purposes; and this, we argue, on three accounts.

First, that though the eye diverts from, when turned with *too much* pleasure on, or occupied in criticizing the details of, a very elaborate and beautiful scene, it is, on the contrary, a great help to the true comprehension of a play when dwelling on what appeals *legitimately* to the sense of sight by being immediately connected with the matter of the performance. Now, a

drama does not consist—like a poem in dialogue—only of speeches made in turn by imaginary people; it includes and its interest is largely made up of *action*: the movements of the characters, their exits and entrances, their groupings and separations, their very gestures and motions while delivering soliloquies—all these go to make up the whole effect, and when done with intelligence and attention help much towards the bringing out of “points.” All this cannot be had at a simple Shakespeare “reading.”

Next, the way in which an actor—bad or good, amateur or professional, matters not here—studies his part, will be totally different from the manner in which a man studies it only for reading aloud, and the way he brings it out when studied still more different. It is impossible, it is not in human nature, to enter into a character with the same thoroughness and to represent it with the same vividness, as a mere “reader,” which you can give to it in action with others. Indeed, it may be taken as one of the arguments for the whole *acting*, as opposed to the *non-acting*, theory, that it is the co-operation of the members of a dramatic company which serves to bring out the energy and individuality of each one, and thus to get the author’s characters represented at least with variety and life. We may differ, and that totally, from an actor’s conception of a certain character; we may even think that he acts very badly; but the very fact that his particular tone of voice, gestures, and general rendering of his part have impressed on us a reading of the author’s ideas opposed to our own, will enable us to understand and bring out our own view with a clearness that we could not otherwise have arrived at.

Thirdly, and this must be very specially noted, we are not proposing to dispense entirely with everything of the nature of scenery: to refuse altogether to adopt all stage-accessories in the way of costumes and “properties,” which may do away with the purely prosaic and every-day appearance of the scene and the actors on it. On the contrary, we fully grant that a certain amount of “delusion” in the arrangement of the stage and the dress of the actors, something which shall—without becoming itself the centre of attraction and criticism—indicate place and time, and call away our vision from the immediate surroundings of daily life, is a help to the imagination, and consequently to a full entering into the author’s conceptions. But, this granted, the difficulty here is, of course, that a question immediately arises as to *how much* this “certain amount” shall

be; and here there must necessarily be many differences of opinion, causing as many divisions even in the very camp itself of those who uphold the cause of "Shakespeare without."

It is within the nut of this difficulty that the kernel of the whole matter, on its practical side, really lies; and as this paper will be worthless if it leaves this practical side unconsidered, we will venture, before proceeding further, to suggest some such details as may serve towards a solution of difficulties.

There are three chief points to be considered with regard to such representations as we are supposing, which may be shortly expressed as the How, the Where, and the What. The last is the main point of the subject under discussion, that, namely, of the scenery and properties to be agreed upon; and it shall be taken first.

Now, we may agree to abolish over-prominent scenery in the classical drama, but we have still to decide exactly what shall be substituted for this. Are we to have only a bare stage, with a sign-board to indicate place, and a hoarding at the back for the actors to come in and out from, trusting for whatever beauty we admit to the actors' dresses? Or are there to be hangings to take off from the bareness and to give some effect? Or, again, shall we allow some sort of roughly-painted scenery, at least enough to show whether the scene is an in or an outdoor one, in town or in forest? Are there to be any "effects," day or night, sunlight or moonlight, allowed? Are we to have a curtain between the acts? How about stage "properties" generally? Are the actors to squat on the floor when they are directed to sit, and eat off imaginary dishes when a meal is supposed to be going on, or may chairs, tables, &c., be introduced on the stage? Such details as these must be discussed and settled.

And, then, as regards costume: are the *dramatis personæ* to wear dresses to some extent appropriate to the times and characters they represent, but unobtrusive and simple? And, if so, what do you mean by simple? And is there to be any unity of design about the costumes for a play, or is each actor to choose his own dress as he thinks fit? Or, again, would not the best thing be some sort of conventionalized costume, if it could be agreed upon? Or shall we go boldly back to old days, and play Shakespeare in the every-day dress of modern fashionable life, letting whatever we adopt in the way of background or scenery do all that is required as aid to the

imagination? With regard to this last alternative, we have heard a suggestion put forward as to what would be the effect of (say) an Orlando in a "topper," a Hamlet in swallowtails, or a Julius Cæsar in frockcoat and trowsers falling under the blows of a party of conspirators attired in ulsters and "billy-cocks"!

It is certainly useless to deny that the male dress, at least, of the nineteenth century does *not* lend itself readily to dramatic effect; and that even in the case of a "piece" supposed to take place in a modern drawing-room, the men are apt to look more foolish and awkward than they would do in the ordinary costume of a hundred years ago. Women in the present fashion of dress—even unaltered—certainly show to much greater advantage; but it is clear that if we are to admit considerations of the picturesque at all, we must manage to produce an effect which will be equally good for both sexes, and not let the masculine costume be a blot on the feminine.

Now, might not all these questions be at least partly solved, and conflicting views to a certain extent harmonized, by adopting a plan something of the following kind?

First, as to scene: let painted scenery be dispensed with altogether, and the old finger-post plan (which, doubtless, modern designers will find some way of making graceful) be adopted as indication of place, and of change from one act or scene to another. Let the whole stage be hung with a background of coloured drapery (of some material that will make fine folds), artistically arranged, and hiding entrances and exits at back and sides. Let these hangings be of three colours: one—let us say a warm brown—for all interiors; another—which might perhaps be a good olive-green—for ordinary out-door scenes; and a third—which should be red—for battlefields; the last being so common in Shakespeare as to need quite a special appeal to the imagination on their own account. This drapery will, of course, have to be arranged permanently over their separate sets of "slips," so as to be changed quickly like painted scenery; but, as it will be the same for all plays, the trouble of this will be only once for all.

Next, as to dresses: let a conventional costume be designed—differing, of course, for men and women—of an order combining, as far as possible, classical grace with modern convenience, good drapery with freedom for motion, to be worn for all plays alike, but with certain distinctions. First, let the

colour of some special portion of the dress vary for tragedy and comedy: *e.g.*, let the under or the upper part be always dark for tragedy and light for comedy, or *vice versa*: or it might be one way for men and another for women; this being a matter of detail, and the point of importance being only to have the distinction marked and at once recognizable. Secondly, let certain personages, so frequently introduced in Shakespearian drama as to be almost matters of course, have distinctive marks of their own in this conventional costume, like the "characters" of the old moralities. Of these, the chief ones would be the Ecclesiastic, the Soldier, and the Jester; but it might be carried further, and there might be some little distinctive badge agreed upon for *all* typical characters: *e.g.*, for the king and queen, the host, the noble and the peasant, the Englishman and the foreigner, and so on. This, again, would be a matter of detail, affording scope for various tastes and opinions, and perhaps differing in different places of performance.

Lastly, as to stage "properties" generally:—a certain number of these should certainly be allowed—enough to prevent any absurdity, and so designed as to be more or less in keeping with the other conventional arrangements; but they should be simple, and as few as can be managed; such being the only general rule possible to make for this part of the scheme, which must vary more than any other part with the various plays, and be a matter for taste and good sense to decide in each separate case.

The one great object of the whole design and arrangement here suggested is simply the providing of a set of costumes, and a general *mise-en-scène*, which should be available for any play, with only such small adaptations as might be necessary from time to time to suit changes in the company, and which would enable a manager to put a Shakespeare drama on the stage at any moment without special preparations or fresh expense in the way of either scenery or dress. The advantage of some such scheme as a means of securing a cheaper, and consequently more popular, representation of our national dramatist is obvious: it is easy to see how cheaply it would enable his plays to be put on the stage, and therefore at how much lower a rate spectators might be admitted to them. Under such conditions there is no reason why a play should not be produced at every theatre of note about once a month. As the managers would have spent next to nothing on their production, the lower prices of



admission would be no loss to the theatre, and a steadily-made experiment of, let us say, a year's duration would prove whether Shakespeare is or is not capable of drawing full houses of the genuine playgoer in our nineteenth century, without the adventitious aid of scene-painter and *costumier*.

So much for that part of the matter which we have called the *What*, *i.e.*, the sort of thing we want. As to the other two points of the difficulty to be solved, which we have called the *Where* and the *How*—in other words, the questions of at what places and by what actors these frequent Shakespeare performances are to be given—the first, at least, will be easily decided, supposing the above suggestion to be adopted. It has already been shown that such a scheme would enable these representations to take place at any ordinary theatre, without disturbance of its ordinary course; so that as far as the *Where* part of the question goes, all that remains is to find a manager enthusiastic enough to be willing to encounter the expense of a first experiment. With regard to the *How* there is of course more difficulty: it becomes a question whether every actor of the regular company of a theatre is to have Shakespeare—or at least one character from each of his plays—at his fingers' ends in addition to his other parts; or whether a separate company altogether should be engaged for the purpose.

Towards the solution of this difficulty it may be suggested that, if the principle of frequent representation of Shakespeare were once established, the formation of companies of "servants"—not, now, of noble or king, but of the public—after the old fashion, might perhaps be brought about; companies, that is to say, of players trained in Shakespearian drama, to be hired at different theatres in turn. This is a point for consideration, and belongs rather, among other details, to the province of such people as may think of carrying out the scheme practically, than to such as are merely theorizers or suggestors. It is, of course, fully conceded that there may be difficulties in the way, and especially such technical ones as the amateur or purely literary man is hardly capable of fully appreciating; but these difficulties are probably such as could be got over with good will. Only one point must here be insisted on, and this is that, for the purpose we are now advocating, good acting is by no means essential. It is desirable, of course, if it can be had; but to the true lovers

of acted drama for its own sake, the great point is just to have people *doing* the parts; for them to put their own voice, action, interpretation—their personality, in short, into the dramatist's characters, and thus, in some fashion, to make them *live*: whether this be done well or ill is of only secondary importance.

In fact, we are much inclined to say deliberately: if you want to see Shakespeare's true quality, to realize his greatness as what it is now the fashion to call a "world-poet," go and see him done, *not* by experienced actors, or even full-grown men and women, but by school-boys or school-girls, and those, even, not of the most highly cultivated sort: done, moreover, with all the roughness of extempore or home-made accompaniments, or perhaps with none at all. It is under such circumstances as these that you really feel what the man's genius is; how divine that gift of pure humanness which makes his words and thoughts come as readily to the tongue, and speak as truly and simply to the heart and soul of the nineteenth century boy and girl as they did to the most scholarly courtier or jest-loving playgoer of Elizabeth's own day. There is one thing only, according to this view of acting, which must be held utterly objectionable; and that is affectation or artificialness, and especially that form of it which consists in imitating the peculiarities (whether good or bad) of some favourite actor of the day. Let an actor's powers be never so poor, as long as he is *himself* you feel that his impersonation of the character he is representing is at least *real*; but the moment he tries to become the reproduction of some favourite "star," this attempt of his (or hers) appears to overpower his attempts to represent the part he is supposed to be playing; and consequently he becomes a hindrance instead of a help to the carrying out of the dramatist's ideas. "Starring," *i.e.*, the over-prominence of one performer above the others in a piece, is objectionable enough, from a really dramatic point of view, in itself; but an imitation of it is unendurable.

And now, before closing this paper, a question which is quite sure to be raised must be answered. Suppose (it will be said) that you succeed in doing what you wish; that you get some such scheme as you propose taken up by an enterprising manager, and finally attain to having frequent and popular representations of Shakespeare established, what good will you have done?

This question might be answered in various ways, but three short answers will here suffice:

First, we should give an opportunity to cultivated lovers of Shakespeare—actual readers and critics of him, as an “acting dramatist”—of pursuing their studies and their pleasure much more frequently than they can at present do; and we might possibly even induce some critics of the non-acting faction—moved at first by curiosity—to come round to a different view of the matter.

Secondly, we should probably create a much larger class of intelligent readers of our poet than as yet exists among the partially educated, for there are many, both men and women, who would never think of opening a Shakespeare for pleasure while they know him only by name, or as a writer of stock “pieces” to be learnt by heart at school, who would turn to him with avidity when they had seen a few of his stories enacted before their eyes and so realized the possibility of making a personal acquaintance with him as a living writer. Such a result as this is surely to be wished for, if only as a possible counteraction to a small amount of that rubbish in the way of popular literature which at present inundates the booksellers’ shops and absorbs the interest of the half-instructed public.

Thirdly—and we put this answer last as most important—we should provide (always supposing our expectations to be justified in the result, and the scheme to be supported by public patronage) a *wholesome popular amusement*, a thing not to be despised in these days of desire to provide something more of the pleasures of life for the working classes of society, and to counteract evil attractions by good ones. “People’s entertainment” societies, clubs and places of recreation, whether for men or women, are very good things as centres of moral influence; and, in the case of a few, may perhaps provide sufficient and permanent entertainment. But, looked at as places of general amusement, they have, as a rule, this element of failure in them: they are the work of “amateurs,” in the truest sense of the term: of people who manage them as a pleasure, or an act of kindness—“for love, not for money”—who may throw up what they are doing at any moment, as the fancy takes them; and it is an undoubted fact that the permanent amusements of the world, like many other of its permanent institutions, will always be those that

are conducted, as we say, "professionally," in other words, by people who have their success as money undertakings at heart, and make them matters of business. Amateurs may be never so energetic, and give themselves very wholesome occupation at the same time, in providing plays, concerts, and such-like diversions for the populace; but, in spite of it all, the majority of those who seek amusement, and who can afford to pay anything at all for it, will continue to seek it at the regular theatres, music-halls, and other established places of entertainment, rather than in quarters where there is an element of charity in the concern.

It is, therefore, of more real consequence to the morality of public recreation to purify and raise the standard of what is provided by the professional caterer for amusement, than to make spasmodic efforts at producing "high-class" entertainments out of the common way; and it is just this which we wish to do by such popular representations as are in question. Of all tastes it is useless to attempt to deny that the dramatic one is the most universal. There may be dangers in the theatre as a place of amusement: at any rate, there are always a certain number of people who refrain from it on principle, and whose objections must be respected, even though it is difficult to understand why they should wish to see dramatic art abolished any more than the arts of painting, sculpture, and music. All these may, and all probably ever will, at times, be abused; as also will food and, still more, drink. But, just as you can never hope to make all sober people teetotallers, so—though you may wish it ever so strongly—you can never expect to prevent the whole of even the best of mankind from loving a good play when it is to be had. Do what you may to prevent the indulgence of the taste, there it *is*, ingrained in human nature, from the little child who begins at three years old to "pretend to be" some one not itself, up to the most inveterate old playgoer you can find.

This being the case, and the cheap theatres being—when all is said and done—likely to remain the most popular places of amusement on the whole, can you do better than attract audiences by cheap prices to what is good in itself instead of to what is bad or doubtful, and so raise the standard of taste at the same time that you provide recreation? Some people, we are well aware, deny to the stage (and, indeed, to all that appeals to the imagination generally) any practical moral

effect. It need hardly be said that we here altogether discard such a view and assume that in the case of the stage, as in that of fiction, a very considerable moral influence may be exercised, especially over the young, by works of imagination. Now, without entering on any discussion of Shakespeare's religion, philosophy, or morality, in detail, this much at least may be safely asserted of him, *i.e.*, that to popularize his plays as a whole is to popularize a high standard of morality, and of a morality based on faith in (at least, if in nothing more) a personal God, an individual conscience and responsibility, and a Judgment to come for each man: that it is to familiarize the public mind with a thoroughly healthy and vigorous tone of thought and feeling, as a not unneeded counteraction to much that is current both on the stage and in fiction; and to inspire a genial and friendly spirit towards humanity, with an interest in every walk of life, calculated to foster both helpfulness and charitable judgment as regards one's fellows, and content and patience as regards one's own lot.

Granting this—and there will probably be few found to deny it who read Shakespeare with unprejudiced minds—we maintain that the spread of such performances as this paper is advocating would be the spread of a recreation always harmless, and, in cases where it has any influence over the minds and hearts of those who affect it, likely to be productive of distinct benefit to society.

F. M. C.

*Ballade of the Queen of May.*

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BEYOND the Sky there lies a Land, bedight,  
With bursting Bloom in Honour of the Spring,  
The Sun doth gild those flower-flushed Fields with Light,  
Amidst green Boughs a Quire of Birds doth sing,  
A Throne is set beneath the o'ershadowing  
And budding Branches of a Hawthorn Tree,  
Where the Queen keeps her royal State, and She  
A starry Diadem wears, and bright Array,  
A blue Robe sown with silver Fleurs-de-Lys,  
For Marye Maiden is the Queen of May.

Around Her Throne waits many a noble Knight,  
A Body-guard of Warriors tried and ding,<sup>1</sup>  
Saint George the Martyr, England's Hero hight,  
Martin, Sebastian, Olaf the King,  
And Forty of the Legion Thundering :  
Before Her Footstool many Kings there be,  
Edmund, Edward, and Kenelm, fair to see,  
And in that gracious Presence stand alway  
A countless Host of high and low degree,  
For Marye Maiden is the Queen of May.

<sup>1</sup> *Ding*, Old English : French *digne* : Latin *dignus*=worthy.



Her Maids of Honour arrayed in Robes of white,  
Agnes, and Cecily, and Audrey, sing,  
Mildred, and Margaret, stand in Her Sight,  
And all about, of Angels many a Wing  
Whiter than Pearls are, softly fluttering,  
Michael, and Gabriel, and Raphael, three  
Princes who lead the Angelic Minstrelsy,  
And the bright Courtiers answer, blithe and gay,  
In Antiphons of gladsome Melody,  
For Marye Maiden is the Queen of May.

ENVOY.

Queen! see Me here upon my bended Knee,  
I nothing have meet for Thy Majesty;  
But this poor song, and this white Hawthorn Spray,  
And all My heart, I'll gladly give to Thee,  
O Marye, Mother, Maid, and Queen of May!

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROLFE.

### *The Sacrament of Incorporation.*

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JESUS said to Nicodemus, the Pharisee and Jewish Prince and Master in Israel, "Amen, amen, I say to thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." This proposition was evidently in answer to a question which had been either implicitly or expressly put to Him by Nicodemus. Nicodemus had recognized Jesus to be, as he called Him, a "Teacher come from God"—certified as such to his satisfaction by the credentials of His miracles, which proved that "God was with Him"—and he desired to learn from Him the way of entrance into the Kingdom of God.

The "Kingdom of God" had been the subject of their conversation, as we may most reasonably suppose, since from the outset of His public ministry Jesus was, as the Evangelists tell us, teaching and preaching in all the synagogues the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, and saying, "The time is accomplished, and the Kingdom of God is at hand. Repent, and believe the Gospel."

Nicodemus was perplexed with regard to the manner of entrance which Jesus indicated, and so Jesus, again prefacing His proposition with the "Amen, amen," which was a phrase by which the Jews of His day added special solemnity to their more important asseverations, continued, "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God."

The subject-matter of this proposition naturally divides itself for consideration into—

1. A Kingdom, which Jesus called the Kingdom of God.
2. Entrance into that Kingdom, and the way of entrance by means of new birth.
3. The manner of such birth, by means of water, and the Holy Ghost.
4. The impossibility of entrance otherwise, or through any other gate.

I.

The idea of a Kingdom of God upon the earth was not new to Nicodemus. He belonged to that race or family which was in a special sense *Populus Dei*, the People of God. The Jews gloried in their being the chosen, favoured, and peculiar people of God. With Abraham their ancestor, and with them in Abraham, God had made a covenant. They were the heirs of the promises, which God had made to them His children in him who was the Father of the Faithful. God had given a revelation and a law, and a system of divine worship guaranteed as well pleasing to Him, by means of the ministry of that Moses His servant, whom He had made mediator between Himself and His chosen people. He had ordained also a mode of initiation or way of entrance into this special People of God. It was not sufficient that the Jews should be of the seed of Abraham, sprung from his loins. They had to submit to that circumcision which God had chosen as the seal of the covenant which He had made with that Patriarch. This was the initiatory rite, by which they were aggregated to the *Populus Dei*, the People of God, and so entered into that Kingdom in which God Himself was originally the one King, the sole Monarch. God had intended and willed His chosen Kingdom to be a Theocracy, and His People to have no king save Himself, and it was only when they desired to have, like the other nations, a human king, that He condescended to their desire, albeit it was to their hurt, since it was to the frustration of His original design.

Nicodemus was familiar also with the idea of a prophet. His idea he puts into words when he describes Jesus as a "Teacher, come from God,—with whom God was."

Prophet after prophet had been sent by God to the *Populus Dei*, His chosen People, and thus by a succession of prophets, or "teachers come from God," the divine revelation had been gradually unfolded to them.

It was natural, therefore, that Nicodemus, recognizing Jesus as a prophet, should expect and desire to have from His lips a farther development and declaration of truths which he had already partially comprehended, and which themselves pointed towards some such development.

Listening to the teaching of Jesus, which was, as the Evangelist describes it, the Gospel of the Kingdom of God,

his thoughts would converge towards that Kingdom as towards their centre.

The Kingdom which Jesus had in view in His conversation with Nicodemus, as we gather from His subsequent teaching, recorded in other Scriptures, was that society of men which He came expressly to found, and which He did actually found, and which He left behind Him on the earth, on the day when He left this earth for Heaven. Of this Kingdom the Jewish people, the *Populus Dei*, the chosen People of God, was a type. It was to be a family, as was the family of the sons and daughters of Abraham. It was to be a theocracy, with a divine government under a divine sovereign. It was to be divinely taught by a divine teacher—a man come from God. It was to be ONE and VISIBLE—visible, as composed of visible men—one, as those men should stand in relations of union with a man, who should be mediator between them and God. As the seed of Abraham was one, as sprung from the loins of Abraham, so should this family be one by unity of generation from one common father. As Moses was mediator between God and the Jewish people, the special *Populus Dei*, and as they were the People of God, so should there be a mediator between God and that still more special *Populus Dei*, of which the chosen people was the divinely chosen type. This mediator was to be not only as was Abraham, or as was Moses, he was to be also as was Adam. From Abraham some men descended, from Adam all men descend. By Moses was one nation taught, by the primitive revelation to Adam were all nations taught. The family of the second Adam was to embrace men of all nations. These were to form one kingdom, one *Populus Dei*, a people gathered out of every race and tongue. It was to be a divine family of God's human sons and daughters—taught by God, as their human Father—ruled by God, as their human Father—and moreover, begotten again unto God by God, Who had become that Man who was to be *Pater futuri sæculi*, the Father of the age that in the divine economy was to be, when the fulness of the time was come.

This Man, the divine Father of the human family of the sons and daughters of God, was to be all that Moses was, all that Abraham was, and all that Adam was, and He was to be more than were all the three. He was to teach—He was to rule—and He was to beget men again unto God:

He was to be Mediator in a sense immeasurably more complete than that in which they were mediators between God and men. This Mediator was the Man who spoke to Nicodemus. Nicodemus recognized and acknowledged Him to be a "Teacher come from God." This granted, the natural reason of Nicodemus, of its own accord, imperatively demanded that he should therefore receive the teaching of this teacher as divine, and believe in it with all the submission and unreserve of divine faith. The message of God was ministered to him by a mediator, who, as invested with divine authority, had all the authority of Moses and the prophets, who could have no more.

Nicodemus professed himself persuaded that God was with Jesus. Jesus taught him that He was that Word of God, Who was from eternity with God, and Who was Himself God—that He was the second Adam, and the one Mediator between God and men—that He was the true Abraham, in whom all generations of the earth should be made blessed—that He was that Prophet of whom Moses spoke, and who was sent to teach all nations, to be King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, and Prince of the Rulers of the earth, whose realm should extend from sea to sea, and of whose kingdom there should be no end.

Such is the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, and this Gospel, preached by Jesus, Nicodemus was by the exigence of his own reason, compelled to embrace, since he had already, on the evidence of miracles, which he allowed that no man could work unless God was with him, professed his faith that Jesus was a "Teacher come from God." Hence his desire for entrance, and his solicitude to know the way into this Kingdom of God.

2.

That the way of entrance into the Kingdom of God on earth is external and visible, follows from the fact that the Kingdom itself is visible, as composed of visible men, and the King Himself stood there visibly before him. Jesus asserted that the way into the Kingdom, and the mode of entrance thereinto was by means of birth, and birth which is not that birth through the gate of which a man enters visibly into the world of men. The birth of which He spoke is a new or second birth, akin to and resembling, but distinct from that natural birth which is common to all men.

He allowed the idea of second birth first of all to root itself in the mind of Nicodemus, until he apprehended not only the existence of a visible Kingdom of God upon the earth other than the Jewish people of God, but also that the only way of entrance thereinto was by a man's being born again.

He permitted in the thought of Nicodemus the natural difficulty to present itself, and this that disciple expressed by the objection of his question—"How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born again?"

## 3.

The idea of the visible reality of this second birth, as of necessity to entrance into the visible Kingdom of God, and the resemblance between it and natural birth, having now rooted itself in the mind of Nicodemus, Jesus proceeded to direct his thought in its progress towards the fulness of the truth in which He would have him to believe.

Again He solemnly affirms the impossibility of entrance without being born again, and then declares that the second birth, which is the gate of entrance, is by means of water and the Holy Ghost—"Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." In a word, He taught Nicodemus the doctrine of Christian Baptism, as it is the gate, not only of other sacraments, but of the Kingdom itself, the visible Church of Christ on earth.

Nicodemus did not yet fully grasp the divine doctrine. He answered, "How can these things be done?" Jesus referred him to those truths with which, as we have seen, his mind must have been, or ought to have been, already familiar, truths which he not only must have known, but himself had taught, the truths contained as foreshadowed in that Judaism, which was a divine, though incomplete religion, and which was given by God as a pedagogue to lead men to Christianity and Christ. "Art thou a Master of Israel, and knowest not these things?"

## 4.

The same idea of initiation into a society—which is included in incorporation into and with the Church of Christ, as it is the mystical Body of Christ, or that body of men as members, of



which He as Man is Head—is presented to us under another aspect by other words of Jesus.

In His discourse to His disciples on the evening before He was crucified, He said to them: "I am the vine, you are the branches. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you unless you abide in Me. He that abideth in Me, and I in Him, the same beareth much fruit, for without Me you can do nothing." A vine with its branches forms a visible, continuous unity, one homogeneous whole. The branches are necessary to the vine, in order to its integrity, its symmetry and completeness, but they are not necessary in order to its existence and life. Union with and in the vine is necessary to the branches, in order not only to their fertility and fruit-bearing, but in order to their life. There may exist a living vine without branches, but there cannot be living branches apart from the vine, from which they derive their life. Hence the necessity for incorporation into Him who is the True Vine, and this we are not left to gather as a consequence. Jesus asserts it in express words: "If any man remaineth not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a branch, and shall wither, and they shall gather him up, and shall cast him into the fire, and he burneth." Jesus Christ in union with His Church is the Vine with its branches—one living whole. If any other branch is to live with the life of that whole, it must be engrafted thereinto. This engrafting is a visible operation, as visible as is the vine, and as is the branch to be engrafted.

5.

St. Paul drives home the same truth by means of the similitude of another living whole, a whole which lives not merely with vegetative life, as does a vine, but with animal life, as does a human body. Writing to the Romans, he says: "We, being many, are one Body in Christ, and each one members one of another." And the mode and rite by means of which we are incorporated, or are made members of that one Body, He declares, in writing to the Corinthians, to be Baptism: "As the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, are yet one body, so also is Christ, for in the Spirit were we all baptised into one Body. You are the Body of Christ." Finally, this Body of Christ he identifies with the Church of Christ. In his Epistle to the Ephesians he says: "No man ever hated his

own flesh, but nourisheth it, and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the Church, for we are members of His Body. Christ is the Head of the Church. He is the Saviour of His Body. He loved the Church. He delivered Himself up for it, that He might sanctify it, cleansing it by the laver of water in the word of life."

## 6.

In these words of the Apostle we find expressed the matter and form of christian, or sacramental baptism. St. Augustine says: "What is the baptism of Christ? Take away the water, there is no baptism. Take away the word, there is no baptism." The *matter* of the sacrament is water, as applied to the body of an unbaptised human being, by way either of immersion, or of pouring, or of sprinkling, since any one of these is a sufficient sign of the inward ablution of the soul, which is signified by the outward ablution of the body. The *form* of the sacrament consists in the words: "I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." These words express the action of the minister—the person to be baptised—and the principal cause in whose name and by whose authority the baptism is given.

The ordinary and proper minister of the sacrament of baptism is a bishop or priest. A deacon may baptise by delegation, and as an extraordinary minister. In case of necessity, however, any human being, come to the use of reason, man or woman, christian or infidel, may baptise. Even apart from necessity, and when the act on the part of the layman is unlawful, it is nevertheless valid if, using the proper matter and form, he intends to do that which Christians do in baptising, whatever that may be, and this even if he himself should not believe in either the necessity, or the efficacy, or the effects of the sacrament.

This sacrament was instituted by Christ Himself, and it is from His institution, and as it is ministered by Him, as its principal minister, that it derives its efficacy. He has indicated its necessity both by the commonness of the element which He has chosen for its matter, and by the number and kind of human instruments through whom He has deigned to exercise this function of His ministry. No element lies more within the reach of men than does that element of water which, by its contact with His sacred Flesh, He consecrated for ever to the mystical washing away of sin. The words,

whoever may be the instrumental organ of their utterance, are His words in this sacrament. They are human words of God, and, as such, they are, with the laver of water, "the word of life."

The subject of the sacrament of baptism—or the person who is capable of being sacramentally baptised—is **any** human being who has not been previously baptised. In **adults** who have use of reason, three dispositions are **necessary** in order to their fruitful reception of the sacrament. They must have: 1. faith in Christ; 2. a purpose to **keep** His commandments; and 3. in the case of those who **have** added to their original sin actual mortal sin, there must be at least that repentance, or hatred of and sorrow for sin which, to distinguish it from perfect contrition, is called **attrition**. In the case of infants, and of other persons who **are** incapable of exercise of reason, and consequently of actual sin, this is not required. Interpretative intention suffices in order to their reception of the benefit bestowed. Actual faith is not on their part necessary. The habit of faith suffices, which is infused into them by God through the sacrament itself, and the place of individual actual faith is supplied by the **faith** of the Church into which they are by baptism incorporated.

7.

In considering the effects of sacramental, or Christian baptism, the following is the order of our thought:

1. Baptism effects incorporation into the Church of Christ.
2. Since the Church is the Body of Christ, this is incorporation into Christ Himself.
3. In this, since He is Son of God, is founded the adoption and heirship of the baptised, as sons of God.

The sacrament effects aggregation to that visible society which is *Populus Dei*, the People of God, and the Kingdom of God upon the earth, and which was called by Jesus "My Church."

But the Church of Christ is the Body of Christ. It is called, and is His Mystical Body. This Body in union with Him as its Head is the Mystic Christ. With Him it forms one living whole—one moral person. Incorporated into it, the baptised are brought into a moral oneness with Him its Head. This oneness is, in the moral order, a oneness as real as is the oneness, in the physical order, of the head and members in that

living whole which is a human body—or as is the oneness of the branches with the vine into which they have been engrafted.

As is the oneness of Christ and His Church, so is the oneness of their life with His life. As the life of a vine is one, and as the life of a body is one, so is the life of the True Vine, which is the Mystical Body with Christ as its Mystic Head. With His life the baptised live. With St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Galatians, they can say: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me," and to them his words to the Colossians apply: "Your life is hid with Christ in God."

Hence the oneness of the Church with Christ—although not a physical oneness, as is the oneness of His Sacred Head with His Sacred Members in the unity of that living whole, His human Body—is more than a merely moral oneness. Societies in the civil order are called bodies, and moral persons. But although the head and members of any one of these may be called analogically the head and members of one moral body, yet we do not say that the body, or its members, are the body or the members of the head—that, for instance, the State is the body of the King, or that individual citizens are members of the King, or that the army and the soldiers are the body and members of the commander-in-chief. Hence it does not suffice to say merely that the Church is morally the Body of Christ, since this expression does not denote the *inflow of life* to it from Him, and to its members from Him as He is its Head. Knowledge of this inflow of life—in addition to the oneness of end and means and government which is included in the idea of a moral body—is contained in, and derived to us from the mystery of the divine revelation. Therefore it is that the oneness of Christ with His Church is called not merely a moral, but a *mystical* oneness—that the Church is called Christ's *mystical* Body—and that He, the physical Christ, may, in His oneness therewith, and as He is the Head constituting, together with His mystical Body, one living whole, be called—the *mystic* Christ.

## 8.

This incorporation into Christ, or engrafting into Him, as He is the True Vine, is also, and under another aspect, a regeneration, or second birth. The incorporated or engrafted are *born again*. They enter into a family which is the family of God's human sons and daughters. The gate by which they enter is the sacrament of baptism, and hence St. Paul, who,

in his Epistle to the Ephesians, called it "the laver of water in the word of life," calls it in writing to Titus—"the laver of regeneration, and renovation of the Holy Ghost."

The baptized, as mystically one with Christ, are morally and *by adoption*, what He is physically and *by nature* in their relation to His Eternal Father. As He is Son of God by nature, so do they by the new birth of baptism, become sons of God by adoption. He, in His Sacred Humanity, or the Man Jesus Christ, is Son of God, not by adoption, but by nature. He is Son of God by nature, not only as by nature He is the Eternal Word of God, but as He was in time *Verbum caro factum*—that self-same Word made flesh. Adoption, predicated of the Man Jesus Christ, would imply division between the two natures of the one Son of God, and would infer denial of the hypostatic union of the two natures in His one divine Person. He is, moreover, the one and only-begotten Son of God by nature, even as He is *by nature* the one and only Mediator between God and men, but as there are mediators *by office* between God and men in millions, so are there men in millions who are begotten again unto God by adoption.

"You are all," says St. Paul to the Galatians, "the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus, for as many of you as have been *baptized in Christ* have *put on Christ*. You are all one in Christ Jesus, and if you be Christ's then you are the seed of Abraham, and heirs according to the promise." Again, and still more explicitly, he writes to the Romans: "You have received the spirit of the adoption of sons, and if sons, heirs also, heirs indeed of God, and joint heirs with Christ."

Heirship, therefore, or right to inherit, is a consequence of adoption. Children of the Family of God, and citizens of the Kingdom of God here on earth, we are heirs, and joint heirs with Christ of that Kingdom of God in Heaven, which belongs to Him as He is the First-born, and Heir of all things, and on possession of which for Himself and for us He has entered through the gate of death. If we carry away with us from this life into the next the grace of our baptismal new birth, we shall carry therein the title-deeds to our inheritance of Heaven.

9.

Incorporation into Christ places us in relation not only with the Eternal Father, but also with the Third Divine Person

—God the Holy Ghost. The “Laver of Regeneration” is the “laver also of renewal by the Holy Ghost.” We receive in baptism the “spirit of the adoption of sons,” and He effects within us both *faith* in the *truth*, and the *grace* that was *in*, and that came *by* Jesus Christ. He is the source of that filial faith, in virtue of which we apprehend that “now we are the sons of God,” and “cry *Abba*, Father”—and the source also of that sanctifying grace which makes us holy with the holiness of Christ, and which He “sheds abroad in our hearts.”

This infusion of grace not only effects the remission of the guilt of all mortal sins, as does every infusion of sanctifying grace—with which such guilt is as incompatible as is perfect darkness with perfect light, or as is death with life—but it effects also the remission of all sin whatsoever which it finds within the soul, actual as well as original, venial as well as mortal—and it effects, moreover, remission not only of all the guilt, but also of all the debt of punishment which has been contracted by the sinner who is baptized, and which is due for any sin of his life previous to baptism.

The branch is, at the moment, of its engrafting, good with the goodness of the vine; and fruit that should then be gathered therefrom would be fruit that is ripe for Heaven. The member at the moment of its incorporation lives with the fulness of the life of the Mystical Body, which flows to it from its Divine Head, and, if severed in that moment from the visible Body by death in this land of the dying, it would be ready for immediate entrance into the Land of the Living. The regenerate, in the moment of his second birth, has, should he then pass through the gates of death, the right of birthright to Heaven as his heritage without hindrance or delay.

#### 10.

The other effects of baptism may be considered in connection with its necessity.

Baptism is not merely a spiritual privilege, and of counsel, it is of obligation and precept. The obligation to receive it is founded in the command of Christ, when He sent His Apostles to teach and baptize all nations. It is, moreover, necessary to salvation, not only as it is of *precept* but also as it is a *means* towards that end. In the case of infants, actual reception of baptism is necessary in order to their salvation (except, as we shall see, in the case of those who are martyred), since infants



are incapable of those acts, by which they might otherwise, co-operating with an actual grace, be placed in that state of sanctifying grace, which is the necessary counterpart as it is the earnest and pledge of a future state of beatific glory. In the case of adults, this necessary state of grace is possible previous to their actual reception of sacramental baptism. They may come to that sacrament already justified. They are capable of an act of perfect charity, or of that act of perfect contrition which is an act of perfect charity as it bears relation to the sin from which it is a turning towards God. This is an effect of which the Holy Ghost is the principal cause. It is a result of His operation along with the sinner's co-operation. It produces the principal effect of sacramental baptism, which is an infusion of sanctifying grace, as that grace is remissive of the sin which it finds in the soul. This suffices, therefore, for salvation, when the adult is hindered from actual reception of the sacrament. He who said, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God," and "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," said also, "He that hath My commandments, and keeps them, he it is that loveth Me, and he that loveth Me shall be loved by My Father, and I will love him."

An act of perfect charity, as it is an act of perfect conformity of will with the Divine Will, and thus includes submission to every command of Christ, contains an at least implicit desire of sacramental baptism, actual reception of which is prescribed by the command of Christ.

Moreover an act of perfect charity includes desire of baptism, also inasmuch as by sacramental baptism alone can certain supernatural effects be produced, and perfect charity implies desire of all supernatural benefits for God's glory through the soul's salvation and sanctification.

Hence an act of perfect charity which, as it regards sin, is an act of perfect contrition, is, when made previous to baptism, called, the baptism *of desire*. As caused by the operation of the Holy Ghost, it is also called *Baptisma Flamini*, the Baptism *of the Spirit*, to distinguish it from *Baptisma fluminis*, the Baptism of water and the Holy Ghost, which alone is sacramental and as a sacramental cause produces certain proper sacramental effects.

A third kind of baptism is *Baptisma sanguinis*, the Baptism *of blood*. This is martyrdom, suffered for the sake of Christ by an unbaptized person. It effects remission of all sin, original

and actual, and not only of all guilt, but also of all punishment due for sin. "He that loseth his life for My sake," said Jesus, "shall find it."

But there are two effects of sacramental baptism which are not produced either by the baptism of the spirit, or by the baptism of blood. They are results of what is called sacramental *character* in baptism. This character is a stable quality, indelibly impressed on the essence of the soul, for its adornment, and as a distinctive sign. In baptism the sacramental character which is imprinted on the soul of the person baptized is the distinctive mark or badge of the family of Christ. It distinguishes its recipient from all those who have not been sacramentally baptized, whatever may be the measure of grace which they have received, either through the baptism of the spirit, or through the baptism of blood. It entitles him also to a special glory in Heaven.

The second effect of baptismal character, is that it gives capability and right to reception of other sacraments.

In this sense he that is least in the visible Kingdom of God is greater than was John the Baptist, when Jesus said, "Of men that are born of women, there hath not arisen a greater prophet."

Baptism is the Gate of the sacraments, as it is also the Gate of the visible Church of God on earth. No sacramental gift can be received by a person who has not been sacramentally baptized, and no sacrament is valid which is ministered to an unbaptized person. The great apostle had been baptized by the Holy Ghost, before he was baptized by Ananias, but he had to receive sacramental baptism at the hands of his fellow-man, in order that he who came thereto already justified, might be incorporated thereby as a member of the Mystical Body of Christ in the visible Church, the people and kingdom of God, in which he was to teach and govern.

Mary was baptized by the Holy Ghost in the first instant of her human being, with the most perfect of all baptisms of the Spirit. The streams of grace that made her glad who was to be the City of our God, and the first waves of which poured forth from Him, as from its source, into her soul, in her immaculate conception, flowed with an unbroken current throughout her life, and made her life on earth one life-long baptism of the Spirit.

Mary was a martyr also, and more than martyr, for she is Queen of Martyrs. She was baptized with Christ's Baptism of blood, although like John her fellow-martyr, she did not shed

her blood in death. She drank from the chalice of Christ's sufferings more deeply than did all the martyrs, and less deeply only than did her Son, the Man of Sorrows, who drank it to its dregs.

It is certain, nevertheless, that Mary, already Queen of Saints and Martyrs, was baptized again with the baptism of water and the Holy Ghost, which alone is sacramental.

Mary was God's Eldest Daughter born to Him by the new birth of the Baptism of His Spirit. Through the overshadowing of the same Spirit she became the Mother of God's Son, and thus contracted a second and most real relationship with God, established by the enduring bond of a true motherhood. She ministered of her substance to her Maker, and gave to the Son of God His Sacred Body with Its Precious Blood. This gift of hers He would return. He would return her flesh and blood, and return it not as she gave it, but as He received it, and made it His own, and deified it. Mary's communions of the future were the chief constraining motive in the mind of Jesus for His institution of the Holy Eucharist, as it is a sacrament, even as He came more to save and sanctify Mary than to save and sanctify mankind. But if Mary was to receive her Divine Son in a sacrament, she must approach that sacrament through the Gate of the Sacraments—that sacrament which, in the Divine economy is the Gate of God's visible Church and Kingdom upon earth.

Mary therefore was baptized, and the Mother of God was thus a third time born again, and this that she might be engrafted into the True Vine, as its fairest and most fruitful branch—that she might be incorporated into the Mystical Body, as that neck, to borrow the language of St. Bernard, which was in the words of her inspired ancestor, *Turris eburnea*, a Tower of ivory, and the connecting link between the various members and the Head which with her together form the one living whole, the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ.

The mystery of Mary's baptism throws brightest light on that sacramental mystery by means of which her Divine Son, daily growing towards the maturity of the stature of His mystical Manhood, builds up for God a people, and begets generation after generation of sons and daughters to the Eternal Father, that One Person Who alone could say with Mary of her Son, "Thou art My Son, to-day have I begotten Thee."

WILLIAM HUMPHREY, S.J.

## *Dieppe and the Dieppois.*

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### IN THE PAST.

IN these days of research and authentication it is not usual to give much weight to hypotheses regarding the origin of towns. The first authentic document is made the basis of their chronology; and if tradition sometimes calls for the enumeration of conjectures and probabilities, they are admitted with the utmost caution.

The first document in which mention is made of Dieppe is a charter dated 1030, quoted by Dom Pommeraye in his *History of the Abbey of Sainte Catherine du Mont*. Traces of earlier history nevertheless exist. Feret and Cochet give a curious list of many remains of an ancient colony of fishermen, who appear to have gradually planted themselves on the chalky hills and intervening plain now occupied by the town of Dieppe. That the Romans and Franks successively obtained a foothold there, is proved by the evidences of their occupation, which are among the most interesting objects in the town's little museum. Of the many conjectures that fill in the period between the Frank invasion and the date of the charter adduced by Dom Pommeraye, there is no need to speak, as none of them seem to admit of direct historical proof. Certain it is, however, that at the time of the charter Dieppe was merely an insignificant seaport as dependent upon Arques as Piræus now is upon Athens.

But love of adventure was already a motive power with its hardy sons, who in 1066 gave to William the Conqueror the first sailors who volunteered to join him in his invasion of England. The close relations between the Conqueror's kingdom and dukedom, the proximity of Dieppe to the Norman capital, and the convenience of its seaport situation, combined to bring the former dependency of Arques to the front, while the sun of Arques' prosperity gradually set. An attempt made not

<sup>1</sup> P. 73.

unsuccessfully by Henry the Second of England, to give to Dieppe Anglo-Norman inhabitants and an Anglo-Norman character, was followed during the reign of the Lion-Hearted Crusader by the siege and sack of the town by Philip Augustus. An exchange of seignorial rights was made in consequence between the King of England and the Archbishop of Rouen, and one result of this exchange was to make Dieppe an archiepiscopal fief. This was unfortunate for the town's material prosperity, which remained at low water for nearly a century. It owed its first phase of recovery to the plucky and plundering propensities of its sailors, who in 1339 signalized themselves by feats of bravery and, it must be owned, of rapacity at the siege of Southampton.

With the additions to its municipal privileges granted by Philip of Valois and Charles the Wise, began the period which gave to Dieppe its churches and monasteries, its gates and fortifications, its first lighthouse and its maritime defences. Fortune's smile had made the town one of the richest and most important in Normandy, the armies of Edward the Third and the Black Prince had not come near enough to cloud its prosperity, and all seemed to promise well for the future, when the coalition of the Lancastrian Henry the Fourth with the Duke of Burgundy against the imbecile King of France brought an English fleet to Dieppe in 1412. Six years later the whole of Normandy was in the hands of the English and Burgundians, and in 1420 the flag of the victor of Agincourt floated from the walls of Dieppe. There it remained for well-nigh a quarter of a century. Joan of Arc had come and gone; Charles the Seventh wore the crown of his fathers, but the wooded hills and orchard plains of Normandy were not yet his. Only gradually were they won back to France, and not till August, 1443, after deeds of prowess graphically recorded in the *Récits dieppois*, was Dieppe wrested from the English forces commanded by Lord Talbot.

Patronized and enriched by Louis the Eleventh and Charles the Eighth, by Louis the Twelfth and Francis the First, as if to make amends for its recent occupation by a foreign power, Dieppe enjoyed more than one hundred years of unprecedented prosperity. But the prosperity which comes of patronage, being in its nature transient and by no means necessarily based on intrinsic excellence, does not of itself make this period of their history the pride of the *Dieppois*. Brave sailor hearts were

theirs, hearts that hailed the tempest's roar, and burned to venture on unknown seas ; and, if the glory of the navigators of Dieppe is eclipsed by the fame of Columbus, Cabot, and others, it is none the less a glory, and it would seem the chief glory of this Norman seaport town.

If we may believe the *Récits dieppois*, Jean Cousin's discovery of the southernmost point of Africa, to which he gave the name of *Pointe-des-Aiguilles* before it was called by the Portuguese the Cape of Good Hope, was preceded as early as 1488 by a voyage across the Atlantic, during which he sighted the mouth of a large river, since supposed to have been the Amazon. It is related that on returning to Europe Pinçon, one of his officers, was convicted of insubordination, and for penalty declared incapable of holding command over Dieppe sailors ; and that, infuriated by this judgment, he retired to Genoa, where he met and attached himself to Columbus, giving him the benefit of Cousin's Atlantic experiences, and accompanying him in the voyage which resulted in the discovery of America. It may not be pretty to hint that this alleged episode of Pinçon's life sounds like a crow of the wonderful Gallic cock ; but neither would it be fair to pretend that it has much evidence in its favour. That Cousin, with his Dieppe sailors, doubled the then *Pointe-des-Aiguilles* on his voyage to the East Indies in 1491, is well maintained in the *Récits dieppois*, where we find a goodly list of enterprising voyages assigned to Dieppe mariners in the sixteenth century. If some of these made France more familiar with China, and brought distant islands within civilized ken, it is nevertheless true that the seafaring energy of the Norman sailors found congenial vent in an institution differing but little from actual piracy. The "Free Companies" of soldiers, which disgraced while they occasionally accommodated the mediæval powers *de facto*, had their counterpart up to a more recent period on the ocean, and of many of these miniature free fleets Dieppe was the mother. Perhaps none of the transient lords of the main who were their commanders had a wider celebrity than Jean Ango. To him was granted the costly privilege of entertaining Francis the First in his house at Varengueville, and to him too belongs the doubtful honour of having threatened the destruction of Lisbon and nearly occasioned a war between France and Portugal. After his death we hear little of marine "Free



Lances" from Dieppe; but avowed voyages of discovery become more numerous, and in the seventeenth century we find the *Dieppois* planting colonies in Canada and Brazil, and adding the island of Martinique to the national possessions.

Meanwhile the internal peace of Dieppe had been destroyed by the religious changes which had brought civil war in their train, and after a time the town became a Huguenot stronghold, foremost among the opponents of the Guises, and staunch in its loyalty to Henry the Fourth. But its abandonment of the old faith was only temporary. When controversial troubles had been nominally set at rest by the publication of the edict of Nantes in 1599, Protestantism gradually lost its hold on the *Dieppois*, and on the revocation of the edict in 1685, its few remaining adherents passed over to England.

More than twenty years before this date Dieppe had experienced the first of a long series of disasters, which readily account for its steady decline. Pestilence, famine, war, fire and water successively did their best against the old town, and sapped the foundations of its strength. Scarcely had a four years' plague passed away leaving famine to continue its work of destruction, when Dieppe became a prey to the horrors of war, and in 1694 was taken by the English, who before leaving almost entirely destroyed it by fire. Eight months of fruitless discussion about the rebuilding of the town signed the death-warrant of its prosperity. It was not entirely rebuilt till 1720, and before long suffered anew from another war with England. When the peace of fleets and armies had left the sore-straitened seaport once more in tranquillity, the ocean declared itself her enemy, masses of big stones rendering the port almost inaccessible. How to clear them away, long remained a question awaiting an answer; but it has fortunately found one, although the discovery has not sufficed to give back to Dieppe its old prestige as a port of military and commercial utility. Another reason for this may be found in the fact that the town has of recent years developed a new mission: secondarily it is still a port, but primarily it is an attractive seaside resort gay during the summer months with a cosmopolitan crowd of pleasure seekers and with the *sans-souci* sparkle and glitter of the not far distant French capital.

## IN THE PRESENT.

If it is true that French seaside resorts are the reverse of attractive out of the season, it may be legitimate to conclude that a few pages about one of them are likely to share its uninteresting character. But then it may not be true; and with this new premiss we may possibly, though not necessarily, work out a conclusion to our purpose, for to the thinking of many an autumn tourist Dieppe is not the reverse of attractive when the evanescence of summer fashion has left the town alone in its own less transient beauties, seasonal, natural, and native.

From the cabin of a Newhaven boat to the fine fresh breeze of a bright October morning, the change is, to say the least, pleasant, and disposes the mind to look pleasantly on its changed surroundings, all the more so if it has come direct from the big Babylon whose inhabitants are somehow cheated out of so much sunshine. It is hardly half-past five, but the good folk of Dieppe are all astir, plying their long-handled brushes with a vigour dangerous to the comfort of passers-by, congregating in the open market-place in the Square St. Jacques, and gathering round the church-doors to be ready for the first Masses. Thither we follow them when Custom House formalities have been complied with, and rooms in an hotel engaged. Once within the church, the first thing that strikes us is the number of *men* assembled there. Not that they outdo the vast multitude of the devout female sex; but there they are—big, brawny, and it must be added, often briny fellows praying away in an earnest go-a-head fashion that would do honour to their mongrel-Teutonic brethren in the faith across the water. "*Ils sont très bons garçons, les gens de Dieppe*," said M. le Curé some days later, and he added that their fidelity to their religious duties made the little town a veritable oasis in the desert of French irreligion. More than this, he did not then apprehend the danger to the future subsequently rendered inevitable by the last of the anti-religious educational laws; for the religious interests of Dieppe are at present not only unmolested by the Government, but strongly garrisoned by a little army of hard-working religious, the Christian Brothers having it all their own way with the boys, and several communities of nuns being practically mistressess of the situation in the education of the girls. But "all that's bright must fade," and a few years hence, unless there be a turn in the tide, we cannot expect to see

the Crucifix in its still honoured place on the school-room walls, the religious freely working their work of charity and zeal for souls, and the little sunburnt urchins and rosy maidens eager to learn the initial lessons of that wisdom which is, *de sursum, prudens, et pudica*. "C'est le bon Dieu qui m'a créé, et seulement le bon Dieu," cried one sturdy bairn lustily, possibly suspecting his interlocutor either of Manichæan tendencies, or of belief in an ultimate ape-progenitor gradually evolved after the lapse of ages from primeval duckweed.

Of the churches the largest and most important is St. Jacques, situated in the square, to which it gives its name. A large Gothic pile, raised on the site of the Abbey of St. Catherine, which had been destroyed by Philip Augustus, it exhibits the architectural characteristics of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, though some parts are more ancient. Its exterior is disappointing. While the details display an *embarras de richesses*, many of them of considerable beauty, the general outline lacks both sweep and symmetry. In the interior, the lofty Gothic nave is more satisfying; but the designers of some of the side chapels are responsible for a serious blot on beauty, for such we must consider the introduction of Renaissance features into an old Gothic church. Not very far from St. Jacques is the Church of St. Remy, a ponderous looking edifice, in which is a *bénitier* that long puzzled the ingenuity of archæologists, and gave birth to many a learned dissertation. The curious looking and apparently indecipherable inscription whose reading seemed to elude search, subsequently resolved itself into a very commonplace name and date. One more church is worthy of notice, though it is no longer the sanctuary of the *Verbum caro factum*. In the Rue de la Barre, there was before the Revolution of 1789, a Carmelite monastery, to which was attached a conventual church, built in 1735. The ruins of an old cloister mark the site of the home of the dispossessed religious; but their church has passed into the hands of the French Protestants, who hold their weekly services there.

Passing down the Rue de la Barre, and leaving behind us for awhile the Dieppe of the Dieppois, we come to the grassy *plage*, which runs in front of the Rue d'Agnado and its fashionable hotels, and is separated from the sea by a broad belt of shingle. We have fine mornings, and the sun-rays glance over the blue waters, gilding their tiny breakers and spreading hues of beauty on the sails of the fishing vessels which here

and there stand out against the cloudless azure ; or sometimes the mornings are overcast, and far away and near, where the fishing craft cover the green waves, the deadened colouring of their sails forms a study of neutral tints backed by a changeful neutral sky, as the creamy billows rise and fall against the shingle at our feet. Turning from the sea to the Rue d'Agnado we have before us what may be called, in contradistinction to the rest of the town, the Dieppe of summer pleasure-seekers. For the most part it may be roughly described as consisting of a number of modern hotels and modern villas with no architectural pretensions. Its principal feature is the *Grand Établissement des Bains*, a handsome building in the light Renaissance style, situated in its own grounds at one end of the *plage*, and comprising a casino, assembly-rooms, a theatre, hall, &c., so many things, indeed, that it is considered by the Dieppois to be something like a pivot, on which turns the whole summer life of Dieppe. On the heavy cliff behind and above the casino rises, in strange contrast, a mediæval castle, built at different periods on the site of a more ancient fort erected by Charlemagne. Its last historical association is connected with Henry the Fourth, who was there during the siege of Dieppe by Mayenne, though his headquarters were at a little house in *le Pollet*, which Royalists have almost come to regard as a place of pilgrimage.

If we follow the *plage* from end to end, that is to say, from the casino to the *Jetée de l'Ouest*, we shall meet on and near the jetty picturesque groups of old sailors, typical "ancient mariners," many of them "long and lank and brown, as is the ribbed sea sand." Too advanced in years to face any longer the vicissitudes of a seafaring life, they are nevertheless irresistibly drawn, like our own British sailors, to the spots of land most nearly surrounded by the ocean. Some of these Dieppe ancient mariners are communicative, and, seeing us make friends with the tiny grandchildren or big black dog frolicking near them, volunteer yards of unrecorded history relating principally to the wrecks of the last sixty or seventy years, and the numerous instances in which they themselves have been instrumental in saving human life. Three of our informants are ardent Imperialists, and point out with pride the site of the house given by Napoleon the First to the pilot Bouzard in acknowledgment of the services rendered to distressed vessels by him and his family. Glancing at the

lighthouse at the extremity of the jetty, and passing by the Hôtel de la Marine, we follow the narrow channel which connects the ocean with the port of Dieppe, and on our way note with thanksgiving a large Calvary rising high above the town at the entry to the port. More thankfully still we see that this evidence of faith is no memorial of a bygone state of things, for old men and young, women and children, make their obeisance there, or pause for a moment's prayer, as they pass by to their daily work, or return home at eventide. Not all act so, it is true, but the simple profession of faith and trust and love is by no means confined to few.

And now we are again in the Dieppe of the Dieppois. The port, which—to speak untechnically—lies right behind part of the *plage*, shows us the sea under an aspect very different from that which we see in the Rue d'Agnado. Here the work of everyday utility is going on, and it must be owned that it is not congenial to all our five senses; though, as ever, the sun is a skilful limner and surprises us at most hours with rare combinations of colour. From the Quai Henri IV., where we pass by the college founded under the auspices of Cardinal de Bérulle, we follow the line of rail which runs along the quays from the landing-place to the railway station, near which is a fine hospital under municipal direction, served by a community of Augustinian nuns. Very interesting is an afternoon spent there among the sick and wounded—happy-looking sufferers, perhaps shortening their Purgatory.

We need not return far along the quay before coming to the scene of another afternoon's interest—the faubourg du Pollet, which is connected with the town by a bridge. This is pre-eminently the sailors' quarter. Sturdy and weather-beaten they meet us at every turn—sailors to right of us, sailors to left of us, sailors all round us—yes, and their wives, too, in invariable blue and red costume, with white caps fashioned like few others among the Dieppois; while their children, we gladly take for granted, happy to see them everywhere. Of the dialect of this quaint faubourg, where straight streets would be intrusive and regular houses almost anomalous, it is sufficient to say that it is not pure Parisian French. Nearly at the end of le Pollet is its pretty church, built in 1840 by the subscriptions of the sailors, and containing some good mural paintings, all or most of them scenes of sea-storms stilled by the invocation of the *Stella maris*.

Higher up on a cliff, which we mount either by the Rue de la Cité-de-Limes or by a walk up its grassy slopes, is the sailors' place of pilgrimage—the Church of Our Lady of Bon Secours—a simple tasteful edifice in the early Gothic style. Though built as recently as 1875 its walls are already rich with tablets recording favours received through Mary's hands at the call of her children's love. With her dear name we will take leave of Dieppe, praying her to be ever to her sailor-children, and to each one of us, the Mother of Bon Secours, the *Stella maris*.

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## *Olympias.*

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### CHAPTER XIX.

#### PLEADING FOR PARDON.

OLYMPIAS drew back the rich purple curtain which hung before the door, and knocking, entered, ere she could be denied admittance. The Emperor was leaning against a bronze statue, his head resting on his hand, plunged in sombre thought. He had heard the knock, but would not look up.

"I gave orders I was not to be disturbed," he said shortly.

"I know it," replied a soft full voice which caused his heart to beat wildly, and wonder if he dare believe his ears. "I know it," she repeated, "and yet I am here, to ask a brother to have mercy, to ask a Sovereign to pardon."

His brow grew dark, and the lines about his mouth deepened, though the eyes so eagerly fixed on her were full of love and tenderness.

"They have sent you, I suppose," he said with an intonation of scorn, "to sue for forgiveness; they who hesitated not to conspire against their own blood, and would feast their eyes on his dead body."

"Prince," said Olympias with thrilling voice, falling naturally into the old appellation; "Prince, I have come unasked, following the dictates of my own heart. I do not seek to palliate their crime. I trust to obtain my petition on nobler motives. Tell me, what is more divine than to forgive? Give room to pity in your manly heart. Think of your penitent sister, who was lured from the right path by false friends who spread poisonous reports of your tyranny and despotic sway."

Beautiful as Olympias looked when treading the palace-halls in stately indifference—a thousand times more lovely he deemed her now, as she knelt at his feet, fervent friendship causing her to put aside a virgin's pride, and brave an angry

monarch's wrath. But he steeled his heart against her prayer. It was evident that she was ignorant of her father's treason, and from his heart he pitied the noble daughter of so base a man.

"Justice must have its course," he replied firmly. "It is sometimes weakness in a Sovereign to forgive. When the conspiracy includes so many, pardon would but encourage crime. I honour you, Olympias, far more than words can say, but a Sovereign has his duties, and must not falter at the cost."

Olympias rose and threw back her veil. "Know, Prince, that I never plead in vain. Wreak your revenge on the Princess and her accomplices. I am one, and will fall with her other friends."

"You—a traitor—you do not know what you are saying."

"A traitor—yes," she answered calmly; "a traitor, in so far that I knew of the existence of a plot, and never informed you of it. I am guilty, and claim the punishment due to your other victims."

He was forced to believe her against every fibre of his heart.

"Retire from Court," he said, panting with agitation, "and I will shield you from the consequences of a too faithful friendship."

"I will owe nothing to a monarch's clemency; my fate shall be that of my friends. I am willing to die if needs be, but will never owe my life to cowardly flight."

He turned away, with tears in his eyes. There was a long silence. "You have conquered," he said at length in a hoarse voice; "tell my mother and sister they are forgiven, freely and entirely. Pray God to send me subjects who possess one tithe of your courage and constancy."

"They come! they come!" was the cry which broke upon their ears, as an excited murmur seemed to run through the palace.

A moment's pause, then came the cry, "The Franks are storming the fort. They are sweeping across the bridge."

"My sword," cried the Emperor, as the guards came hurriedly into the room, "call out the force, bring up the reserve, I will follow with my men."

His eyes sparkled, his whole attitude breathed defiance. He delivered Olympias over to Theodore, to be conducted safely to the ladies' portion of the building. Then he departed,

and, by his fearless bearing, soon quelled what was nothing but a tumult among the soldiery.

True to his word, a royal pardon was issued, and the most important only of the conspirators received private intimation to retire from Court. The Princess and her mother withdrew to Asia Minor, and Phidias accompanied his daughter on her return to Athens.

The country was governed by a firm hand, and the Court soon settled into calm security.

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## CHAPTER XX.

### THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BACK again in her retreat, Olympias sat with her father, each apparently deep in the perusal of some manuscript, and neither seeing a single letter of what was before them.

Phidias was intriguing, scheming, as usual, intent on returning to the Byzantine Court, being fully convinced that once there, he should find no difficulty in reinstating himself in the Emperor's favour.

He still nourished anger against Olympias, for so resolutely declining the Emperor's proposal, and had conceived an inveterate hatred of Theodore, whom he rightly divined was the true cause of her obdurate blindness.

He had made acquaintance with Sebas, and the latter, animated by a similar hatred, had divulged that Theodore had been recalled from Byzantium, because he was too great a favourite with the Sovereign. Also he was told, in strictest confidence, that Theodore was affianced to the archpriest's only daughter.

In return, Phidias recounted the conversation in which Theodore had refused to assassinate the Emperor, and Sebas' eyes gleamed with satisfied malice as he informed his companion that the life of the light-hearted Greek was now in their hands. If that fact was known to the Bloody Council he would be condemned to drink of the poisoned cup.

With these two items safely locked in his own breast, Phidias felt secure; he could work upon his daughter's love or jealousy so as to make her subservient to his plans; and, while Olympias was sweetly pondering on Theodore's request to meet

him that very night in the grove when "all" should be explained, Phidias was seeking how next to break her faith, and turn her passionate love into equally passionate hate.

But we must leave the wily Greek waiting to fan the sparks of jealousy in his daughter's tumultuous heart, and beg our readers to transport themselves to the forest, where the birds sang sweetly in soft accompaniment, to the whispered words of Theodore and Zoe.

One week had passed since he had been recalled from the Emperor's palace, and this week he had spent under the same roof with Zoe. The past now seemed to him but a feverish dream, Olympias had faded into a painful memory. Secure in Zoe's gentle love, it was a relief to pour into her compassionate ear, the tale of his transitory fancy for Olympias. Easily, too easily, he won the guileless maiden's pardon, and he felt his conscience was quite at ease now that it had nothing to conceal. It was Zoe's suggestion, and with her approbation that he had arranged to meet Olympias, to tell her to think of him no more.

"You have not treated her well," Zoe said in her softest tones, "and it is but fair you should let her know."

"Give me strength to do it," Theodore replied humbly. "I shrink from pain. Zoe, I am very weak."

"I know you have a tender heart," replied Zoe with her loving smile; "you cannot bear to give a fellow-creature pain. But trust me, Theodore, it is the truest kindness. It is better to know the worst than wait, and wait in vain. Go now, and remember that it is I who send you from me, and while you are absent fear not that I shall forget to pray for him who is my hope and joy."

Never had timid little Zoe spoken so firmly to him before, and as he gazed in rapture on the pale purity of her countenance, and the deep love in her eyes, he positively trembled lest one so frail should be wafted by angels to breathe celestial air and join in the heavenly choirs.

With one tender embrace they parted, he plunging into the dark recesses of the forest, while she stood and watched his retreating form, her lips moving softly in heartfelt prayer.

A rustling among the trees attracted her attention: she looked and saw one dark form after another disappear into the entrance of the cave where they held their secret meetings.

Full of a strange foreboding, Zoe stood and gazed. Last of

all came Sebas, tall and grim, with a sinister smile on his swarthy face. Her heart began to flutter. She remembered Theodore's mournful words, his melancholy misgivings, and gliding forward into the strong moonlight, she laid her hand on Sebas' arm.

He started and looked dismayed.

"Why are you called together in such secrecy," she inquired; "you used not to hide these meetings from me."

"The urgency of the times demands it."

"Yet when you can see me any hour of the day it would be only natural, and, as was your wont, to invite me to be a silent spectator of the proceedings."

He could not stand the reproachful light that beamed from her eyes: he turned away abashed.

He was about to denounce unto a bitter death, him whom she loved as women love but once. He was going to take the fresh brightness from her young life, and dim the soft lustre of her liquid eyes. And why? Oh! strange inconsistency of man. Because he loved her.

"Take me, Sebas," she pleaded, "I want to be present this night."

"I could not; it is no place for you. Wicked men will be there, and their language is not fit for your ears. It is not like you to wish to mix with these destroyers of human happiness."

"You have but a poor opinion of your own sex," was the playful reply. "I know one at least who is neither savage nor does he seek to slay."

"And yet," he said with a bitter sneer, "the velvet-pawed tiger has claws and cruel, cruel fangs. But the beast is now tracked to its lair, his blood will be the price of his treachery."

He put his hand on the hilt of his dagger, and vanished, leaving her frightened and bewildered. But her love for Theodore cast out all fear. With one glance at the starry heavens, with one kiss on her marble cross, she glided among the dark bushes along the path which led to the subterranean cave.

A ruddy glare lit up the interior where the patriots had assembled. The flickering light from their smoking torches fell on faces full of villainy, ripe for any deed of blood.

They sat in gloomy silence waiting for their chief. Presently Demetrius appeared clothed in his pontifical garments, and seated himself in the chair of state. His face was pale, his lips

were set, the muscles about his mouth quivered slightly, and his agitation was painfully evident from his eyes which now shone with a fanatic's brilliancy, now glowed with a father's love.

"We meet here together, brethren, for a painful object," he began, standing where the light fell on his silver flowing beard. "There have been traitors in the camp; we are here to pronounce their doom. The vow so lately sworn, to die in defence of our bleeding country has been ruthlessly broken. The guilty one has even refused to stain his hand with the blood of the tyrant who now is on the throne. And yet, though his crime is great, pronounce not rashly on his doom. Do not cut off the life of a youth, without reflecting on it. Remember each life has others dependent on it, and when we hasten a comrade into the other world, we compel many a soul to wander in dreariness through the weary valley of life."

He paused; and a deep thrill of expectation pierced each one's breast.

Never had Demetrius pleaded for clemency before, and they waited breathlessly for the accuser to appear.

They had not long to wait. Sebas rose, and in a voice that seemed to defy the betrayal of any emotion, proclaimed that Theodore Icenî was the perjured one, that he had neglected his duty when sent to Byzantium in his country's cause, that he failed to get partisans, and had sought only to ingratiate himself in the Emperor's favour. Further, when the opportunity arrived, he had distinctly refused to use his dagger to free his native land.

Hatred made Sebas eloquent, and warming with his subject, he launched forth into a piteous description of the woes of his beloved Greece. He concluded with a vehement outburst of patriotism, which fired his hearers' hearts, and with one accord they raised their voices and demanded the death of "Theodore Icenî."

Demetrius rose, and stretching forth his withered arms, called on the Deity to avenge their country, while he showered curses on those who dared to arm against it. It was an awful sight.

This venerable priest in solemn accents imploring a blessing on the act of striking down a youth in the flower of his age, while round him were grouped wild desperate men, their eyes shining with a feverish thirst for blood, and the deep stillness



which reigned when he ceased to speak, formed a powerful contrast to the fierce tumult of passion raging within each one's breast.

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In a far distant corner, standing in a niche, neither faint with horror nor transfixed with grief, stood a fair young maid with her face as white as her robe, her hands crossed upon her breast, her long hair floating to her knees. She heard every word with a ringing clearness that rang through her brain and echoed in her heart.

She heard Theodore denounced, accused, and sentenced to a frightful death. She heard bitter curses poured on him and saw the revengeful malice of his foes. Yet she never moved, never lost consciousness, never betrayed herself by a word.

Love "endureth all things," and this fragile violet of Athens, knowing that by presence of mind alone could she save her betrothed, calmly waited, and from the depth and singleness of her love, crushed all the despairing emotion that filled her soul.

Not till the fatal goblet had been produced and filled with the poisonous liquid, not till they had all knelt round it and sworn to deliver the miscreant, as soon as it was in their power, not till Sebas had been commissioned to find Theodore, that there and then they might work their vengeance, not till then did Zoe move from her place, and gliding among the rough ruthless men, passing from light into shade, and from shadow into light, she made straight for her father, and stood by his side facing the assembly.

One moment's breathless silence, and her voice, low and soft, penetrated into each one's heart like an arrow to the mark. "Are any of you fathers or brothers or husbands, that you so easily condemn a young life to be cut off thus? Is it nothing to see a fellow-creature die: is it nothing to see the eyes close in weary pain, to see the ruddy cheek pale to the hue of death? This you will see and see unmoved. Is there no mercy in your hearts that you are dead to justice and to the thoughts of noble men? Is it justice to condemn a man because his gratitude forbade him to shed a benefactor's blood? Is it justice to murder a man without hearing a word in his own defence? How can you expect happiness when you gloat your eyes on the sufferings of an innocent victim? Save him: spare him, deprive him not of his young bright life."

Her eyes were raised in supplication, her hands were clasped in entreaty, and some of the hearers felt the warm tears rise as they looked on the fair sweet maiden who pleaded so earnestly for the life of her betrothed. But alas, bad men are cowards! No one dared to be the first to raise his voice and demand that justice should be shown.

Zoe's voice died away with a sad plaintive echo, and again there was silence as the grave.

"Father, speak," she entreated, "say you can save him and you will." He stroked her hair caressingly, but he could not trust himself to utter a word. There was a slight movement and Sebas disappeared to fulfil his commission. A flush of fear waved over her pale countenance, but it went and came, leaving her white and determined as before.

"The mercy that you show to him for whom I plead," she said in ringing tones, "that mercy shall be shown to you, as much and nothing more."

Her eyes usually so soft shone with a dark lustre, and she, extending one hand, like some virgin-prophetess delivering a message from Heaven, turned and vanished; and in the days to come there was not one who did not find her words come true, who had not reason to own that justice was meted out to him as he had hearkened to a sinless maiden's prayer.

Once more outside, breathing the pure air of the pine-trees, she put her hand to her heart to still its wild beating. Her task was but half accomplished, she had failed in her entreaty, one last resource was left.

She stood and listened: her instincts were not at fault: with unerring rapidity she wended her way to the sea-shore where in happier times she had held such sweet converse with Theodore.

As she expected, Sebas was there, unmooring the little boat. Intent upon escaping observation he had resolved to go by water to the bottom of Phidias' gardens, and landing there, knew where to find Theodore, from information privately given by Phidias.

Noiselessly Zoe glided up to him and laid her hand upon his arm. "Sebas, I go with you."

Her resolute voice, so strange and hard, checked all remonstrance, and obediently he assisted her into the frail vessel, where she took her place at the helm. There, standing in her white

robe with one arm held aloft holding a lighted torch, so that they might not come on Theodore unprepared, she seemed with her long floating hair and pure face to be the spirit of peace moving over the waters.

They glided on quietly in the thick darkness, no sound save the lapping of the waves, while the sombre figure immersed in the black folds of his cloak might have been a fiend, kept at bay by the fearless purity of the tender maiden.

Suddenly, without a moment's notice, one of those gusts peculiar to that sea at certain periods of the year, rose, and before Sebas had time to collect his thoughts, the wind lashed the waves into fury and the tiny barque swirled in the seething foam. It bowed and bent, twisted round and round, and the wild waters dashing over it carried away with them the delicate form of Zoe.

Sebas, with a cry of despair, plunged into the roaring waste of waters and threw out his arms to save her; HE could risk her life's happiness deliberately, knowing what it would cost her, yet he could not bear to see her die. But the waves tossed him as if he were a feather, and hurling him against a rock, he sank to rise no more.

More tender with the maiden, they seemed but to sport around her, till, as if abashed at the cold majesty of death, they gradually subsided to the calm that had prevailed before.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### DEATH.

WHILE the breezes chanted a mournful dirge round the maiden's body, their sister-winds stopped their mad carols and died away in weird sighs, overwhelmed by the passionate pleading of a remorseful man and the wild vehemence of a desperate girl.

Theodore had reached the trysting-place, but he had not long to wait before he saw the queenly Olympias step out from the marble portico and emerge into the flooding moonshine. He hardly knew her for the same. Surely this was never the grief-stricken girl whom he had seen prostrate in agony, this lordly creature who stood instinct with fervid love and passion, and eyes that were deep with a strange eloquence.

He approached her. "Olympias," he said ; but she did not turn her head.

"I am here," was the cold reply.

"Olympias," he said again, and as of yore his voice thrilled through her with wild ecstasy, "tell me why you shun me?" He moved as if to take her hand, but she crouched back as from a scorpion's sting, and drew herself up like a marble pillar of strength, white and firm and strong. He felt afraid of her, and waited till she deigned to speak.

"You ask me why," she said at length, her voice ringing clear in the night air as a silver-toned bell. "I will tell you, Theodore. Because I trusted you as a woman trusts but once. In proportion to my trust is my misery at finding I have been betrayed. I have been told the truth this night. You have been acting a double part. God knows I have tried hard not to believe it. I could not, I would not, and even now—I think—I fancy," and her voice trembled like a bashful girl's, "that if you had told me the truth I could have forgiven, yes I could have pitied you. But now I forbid you to cross my path or to show by word or gesture that I was ever fool enough to trust to your lying words."

She moved to go, but he caught her by her robe.

"You *must* hear me," he said. "I have been weak, miserably weak, but not as wicked as you deem me. I was betrothed to Zoe before I knew you, and your beauty and genius made me forget the vows so lately pledged. But I suffered and struggled, and am so loaded with remorse that I dare not hope to find peace on earth."

"Surely by the side of Zoe your rightful bride," said Olympias mockingly. "I cannot forgive you, Theodore : while you acted as my devoted slave you were betrothed to another." She shuddered : her high-souled purity revolted at the thought of all he had been to her, of all he was to her still. "Go, before the words that rise to my lips are uttered ; go, lest I should say what never a maiden should."

"I go," he said mournfully, "I go, but say at least one word of forgiveness and pardon."

She looked into the large soft eyes rich with plaintive pleading, her proud lips trembled and for one wild instant she longed to throw herself at his feet and beg him to forgive her harsh words. But the thought of the slight paid to her once more steeled her bosom and she said in frigid tones : "A woman's trust once broken never returns."

He bowed his head in silence and turned to go through the dark forest of pine-trees, leaving her with haughty contempt on every feature of her white proud face.

But when the last echo of his footstep had died away the whole aspect of the woman changed. Her lips quivered, her eyelids drooped, and she sank to the earth crushed and forlorn.

No pain on earth equals the anguish of a heart betrayed. There are tears that never seam the cheek, yet sear the brain, and her proud heart shrank from encountering herself in the weary days that were to come.

How long she remained, she knew not, but hearing her father's footsteps, she mechanically rose, and almost instinctively met Phidias with an air of defiance. He had broken her faith in Theodore, and as the destroyer of her happiness she could not see him unmoved.

"So you have been bidding farewell to our treacherous kinsman," began Phidias, carefully averting his eyes from her haggard face. "Take my advice, Olympias, let us return to Court. Through your intercession, the Emperor will restore me to favour, and you shall assume that position he is so anxious to bestow on you."

"In fact for money's sake turn traitor, like the rest," she answered with a bitter intonation. "Father, have you not learned by this time that I live and die a *Grecian* maid."

"If you are proud, my daughter, so am I, and I would not have it said that you meanly mourned for a traitor, who at this very moment is undergoing the punishment of his crimes."

Horror, fear, and love passed in hot waves across her mind, making her colour surge from white to scarlet and from scarlet to ashy gray. But love predominated, and winding her arm round a branch as if for support, she said after a moment's pause: "Is Theodore in danger? Then speak and tell me where he is?"

A sinister smile played round the lips of the wily Greek. "To your last question I can give no answer," was his cool reply. "I know nothing of the future state when the soul has left the body. I do know this, when he left here he was a marked man. He is condemned to drink of the poisoned cup ere to-morrow's dawn."

"Why?" and her voice was so strained she hardly knew it for her own.

"Because he refused to destroy the Emperor and thereby broke his vow."

"*You* betrayed him, *you* denounced him."

She stepped before him commanding an answer, her eyes literally blazing with passionate impotent resentment.

"He was in my way—hence I removed him," and Phidias made a movement as if brushing an insect from his path.

The finished gesture, the polished voice stung Olympias to madness. "Father," she said with awful solemnness, "by that truth and honour which are strangers in your heart, may you be punished for the deed that is done to-night. You see me for the last time; from this moment your name never passes my lips."

Hardly had she finished when she vanished down the path which led to the pine-wood, intent, as Phidias guessed, on attempting to save Theodore's life.

"Too late," he muttered with a satisfied smile, as he calmly re-entered his house and settled himself to study.

Meanwhile Olympias moved swiftly on through the dense dark wood. Whither she was going she knew not; she was conscious only of a vague impulse, which bid her follow Theodore and save him from a cruel death. Love gave strength to her limbs, and an unnatural brightness to the hollow eyes.

Presently she saw in the distance some dark figures moving stealthily; she neither paused nor spoke, but pressed onward, ever on.

"Advance, or we aim," cried out a voice unfamiliar to her ears.

"Aim," she said, scornfully, swerving neither to the right, nor to the left. A whizzing noise in the air, and an arrow struck her in the side. Her brain reeled, her eyes swam, and she fell to the ground murmuring, "For Theodore."

Yes, she was bleeding for love's sweet sake, and with unstaunched wound she lay, white unto death, while he for whom her life's breath was ebbing away, had seen all, heard all, and now crouched like a hunted deer, among the cool green brushwood panting, as if driven to his lair.

The horror of it froze the blood in his veins, benumbed his very limbs. He doubted not she was dead, and dead for love of him, yet with that animal instinct of self-preservation, he moved not from where he hid, for he knew his enemies were pursuing him, and that the sentry were on guard to catch him.



So he moaned at intervals like a creature in pain : he closed his eyes to shut out the fearful sight. Yet over and over again, he saw the drops stain her robe, saw the crimson flood her neck, and arms, till he fain put up his hand as if to prevent them falling on him.

His keen hearing at length detected the sound of approaching footsteps, and staggering to his feet with that same fear of death, he crept noiselessly with baited breath, to the edge of the cliff, keeping well in the shadow of the trees.

As he stood trying to collect his scattered nerves, the fitful moon shone forth from a purple bank of clouds.

He glanced across the now calm waters, and beheld floating peacefully towards him the body of a maiden with golden hair.

With sickening fear he strained his eyes to see : on, on it came, the pale upturned face gleaming silvery white in the moonlight, and a soft sweet smile on the parted lips—such as they had ever smiled on him.

Spellbound, he stood, and saw it pass floating down the stream. He saw—and knew it was all that was left of Zoe, his virgin-bride, who left him with a smile of forgiveness on her silent lips ; with a smile and nothing more.

He held out his arms to it, but it sailed on. He whispered, “Zoe, my love !” and it took no heed.

Lingeringly and yearningly he watched it out of sight, and then he understood. One last flash of remorse, and the recoil from his own baseness broke in twain the slender thread of reason that remained.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### BURIAL.

AGAIN it is moonlight—that moonlight of Athens which once seen can never be forgotten. The orange-trees give forth a sweet odour, yielding their perfume to the breeze to be wafted beyond this peaceful churchyard where lie the remains of many a heart-broken Greek who died in defence of his country, many a maiden as fragile and tender as the Violet of Athens, who is to find her last resting-place here.

From beneath the pathway trees issues a procession of silent dark-garbed mourners, priests in their black vestments, acolytes

swinging censers, dark-robed nuns singing the funeral hymn, which is taken up by every voice present, the whole blending in one harmonious strain of pleading for the soul of the departed. The procession wends its way to the little chapel, where the last solemn prayers are said, and the sobs of the women rise above the grave tones of the officiating priest, as he sprinkles the bier with holy water, and intercedes with God for her who has been called before the dread judgment-seat. Then the chapel becomes empty again, and the procession forms once more. This time it is headed by an old man, down whose silver beard the tears are falling fast. He is followed by a band of tall strong men, with torches in their hands and daggers in their belts. Then comes the funeral bier, covered by a snow-white pall, on which are strewn flowers—the richest and the rarest. Surrounding this walk maidens, robed in white; some bear lamps, some bear sweet spices, to lay by all that is left of the “Violet of Athens.” And like a black shadow creeping in the rear, a muffled figure follows, listening to the plaintive dirge which floats back to him with such a pitiful echo. It is chanted by the maidens in their national tongue, slowly and softly, till they reach the grave, when the last notes of the hymn die softly away, and only the priest’s voice is heard as the beautiful and impressive ritual of the Catholic Church is gone through. Tears flow down the cheeks of more than one hardy warrior, and supplication rises from the hearts of many who have not prayed for years. A spirit of peace seems to have ascended from the grave: old animosities are forgotten, rancour is buried, hand meets hand in token of reconciliation, and Demetrius lets himself be tenderly led away by the very priests whom once he had scorned as beneath contempt. Lingeringly all depart, leaving God’s acre to the scented winds, the radiant stars, and the dark figure crouching stealthily in the shade.

Two years later and the soft night wind breathes over the same clustered graves, whispering softly by one, marked only by a broken pillar of marble, round which the trailing ivy clings.

A man is lying prostrate by that column, a man whose hair is white, though thirty summers have not passed over his head; a man whose wasted form tells of a life of austerity, and whose tattered garments betray the direst poverty.

When he totters to his feet, one is saddened at the face so deeply lined, at the vacant eyes which tell that the body indeed is there, but the spirit is effaced by pain.

And this is all that is left of Theodore.

He had played with the gifts given him, and they had been taken away. With a mind unhinged, he passed his life among the graves, harmless to others, scarce knowing he was a burden to himself. Kneeling by Zoe's grave, he took a little alabaster cross from his breast and kissed it with loving reverence, then he began to chant a sad death-dirge in a low musical voice—the only remnant of his former gifts. He was so absorbed in his devotions that he never saw a tall majestic figure cross the sward, and with hesitating step approach him.

"Theodore," she said, in sad thrilling tones.

He looked up, and a shiver passed through his frame.

"Olympias," he exclaimed, while a gleam of intelligence lighted up the sickly face.

"Yes," she said, in tones full of mournful melody. "I come, dear cousin, to ask your forgiveness for the sorrow I have caused you. Do not shrink from me, I pray you, I am no vision from the dead. When I was wounded, I was nursed by some kind Sisters who have given their life to God. They taught me to set no value on earthly things, and to give my heart to Him who alone can fill it. To-morrow, the convent doors close on me for ever, and by a life of penance and prayer, I hope to atone for my life of misdeeds. I have wandered forth to-night not only to bid a last farewell to the haunts of men, but (with her old regal frankness) in hopes of seeing you, to ask your pardon. This is a fitting place—by the grave of Zoe."

At Zoe's name, a glimmer of recognition again lighted up his countenance.

"Zoe," he repeated, fondly dwelling on the name, "Zoe, whom I murdered, yet who loves me still. She is calling me to her home; soon my time of toil will be over. It is I who need forgiveness. Yes, for Zoe's sake we part as friends."

For one brief moment hand touches hand: and the woman's tears fell fast and warm on the wasted fingers which held hers; that were cold as the fingers of the dead. For one brief moment only; and then he turned away to begin again his sweet sad chant.

She retraced her steps mournfully. The sight of the wreck he had become was very painful. It was evident she could do

no good there. His mind was hopelessly shattered, and she could only commend him to that God whose yoke she had learned to love, and to whose will she yielded with implicit faith and confidence.

Olympias had not a nature which did a thing by halves. God had known how to chasten the proud spirit, and it had not suffered in vain. Heart and soul and mind she had given herself to His service, and He had rewarded the entireness of her sacrifice with the peace which surpasseth all understanding. The philosophy which had sought to dive into mysteries no man is meant to understand, had given place to a clear resignation and perfect trustfulness, and the noble self-sacrificing Sister Paul was ever full of an interior joy which as Olympias she had tried in vain to grasp.

And Theodore?

One roseate morn a shepherd found a corpse upon Zoe's grave! its lips pressed to an alabaster cross, and a smile of ineffable peace on the worn, emaciated features. Who can tell if God in His boundless mercy had not vouchsafed him a gleam of heavenly grace, and that the poor sinner had died in the friendship of Him of whom it is written, "Thy everlasting arms are round me."

THE END.

## Reviews.

### I.—THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.<sup>1</sup>

WITH this instalment the venerable Archbishop of Tuam completes his commentary on the Gospels. The Apocalypse and the Acts of the Apostles are now the only books of the New Testament on which he has not written. Whether it is his intention to undertake these also, we are not aware, but, as even without them he may now be said to have substantially completed a commentary on the New Testament, we may take the opportunity to thank him for having set us an example which sorely needs following. It is urged, and with truth, as an excuse for the little exegetical work done by Catholic pens in English-speaking countries, that our clergy are absorbed with the pastoral duties for which their scanty numbers hardly suffice. But if one on whose shoulders lies the weight of the episcopate can have the resolution to make leisure for literary work, those tried by lesser burdens should be encouraged to a like zeal for sacred study.

The plan followed in the Archbishop's commentaries is by this time known to readers. The arrangement of the text, with the words of Scripture, both in Latin and English, in a narrow margin opposite the comment, affords a pleasant page on which the eye can look without strain. The style, too, is simple and lucid. There is never any difficulty in apprehending the meaning. A writer may claim to have his work estimated in reference to the particular class of readers for whom it is intended. The Archbishop has evidently not proposed to himself to address those who are interested in the *minutiae* of scholarship. He makes no attempt to fill his pages with topographical illustrations and those drawn from Rabbinical lore. Nor is place given to discussion of the grave critical problems which the rationalistic rejection of the Fourth

<sup>1</sup> *An Exposition of the Gospel of St. John.* By His Grace the Most Reverend Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1889.

Gospel have forced to the front. On all these topics there is almost absolute silence. The echoes of modern controversies are but faintly heard in these quiet pages. Clearly the readers contemplated are those pious Catholics of some education who believe the Bible to be the Inspired Word of God, and who take their belief to be not a mere speculative opinion without practical consequences, but a living and vital truth requiring them to listen to the Divine message, and use it as a guide to life. Such persons realize profoundly that, when reading the Gospel, especially when reading the Gospel of St. John, they are brought into close contact with the Word Incarnate. With this feeling they desire to have an intelligent comprehension of His teaching, but care more about its substance than about subtle shades of meaning or allusion, for estimating which they have not perhaps the necessary qualifications.

No book of Scripture has such an appearance of simplicity as the Gospel of St. John, and, indeed, its language is the simplest imaginable. But for all that there is not another book so puzzling to an attentive reader. The style is characterized by a striking want of transitional clauses. Only the leading propositions along which the thought travels are given in a succession of direct and co-ordinate statements, the relation between them being left for the mind to gather by careful inference. This inference is the more difficult because of the sublimity of the conceptions, relating as they do to the mysteries of our Lord's Person and Office. The key is to be sought from Catholic theology, by which all the teaching of Scripture and tradition on the subject has been collected and co-ordinated. Thus the task of the Catholic expositor is marked out. He must supply the theology which is needed, and with its help trace the course and connexion of the thought. Within the limits above indicated this is what has been done in the commentary before us.

The Archbishop naturally gives a good deal of development to the few passages which are of controversial importance. We may call attention to his treatment of the instructions on the Holy Eucharist in the synagogue at Capharnaum. This part is done with great care. It is not agreed among the commentators who believe the Holy Eucharist to be the subject of discourse in this chapter, whether It is referred to even in the section from v. 34 to v. 47, or only in the following section from v. 48 to v. 51. Cardinal Wiseman, in his celebrated



treatise, took the negative view on this point, but Dr. MacEvilly inclines to the affirmative. We are disposed to agree with him. It has to be remembered that faith is a factor in the act of worthy Communion, even on the supposition of the doctrine of the Real Presence.

There are many minor points on which we must venture to dissent from the venerable writer, but only one or two can be stated. It seems a pity still to maintain that the Sychar mentioned in chap. iv. is Shechem. That interpretation, though supported by a conjecture of St. Jerome's, was never without its difficulties. But it is now ascertained from independent evidence that in the time of our Lord there really was a place named Sychar distinct from Shechem, and that it is still apparently represented by Askar (= Ain-Sychar). As this Sychar is in the exact situation required by the narrative, what reason can there be for not accepting it? In chap. v. 25 the writer understands our Lord to be claiming the power to restore physical life to the dead, and holds that the fulfilment contemplated by the prediction is to be sought in the raising of Lazarus and the two kindred cases of resurrection in the synoptic Gospels. But how does this interpretation consist with the evident comprehensiveness of the prediction? Surely some general effect of the Son's action is intended, and, as it is to come to pass shortly, it must be the resurrection to spiritual life. The authorship of the corporeal resurrection by which the spiritual is to be completed on the last day is claimed as a climax in v. 28. Again, while fully recognizing that the Decree of Trent does not leave it open to a Catholic to doubt the genuineness of the section in chap. viii. on the woman taken in adultery, we cannot help demurring when told that "the preponderance (of the critical evidence) is in favour of it." The evidence which is critically least probable may yet be on the side of truth, and there is, accordingly, no strain put on the mind if the dogmatic arguments incline to this side. Still, considered critically, the evidence does seem to us to preponderate very largely against the passage, so much so that we find it hard to resist the conclusion that, though it is certainly genuine and inspired, its present position at the commencement of the eighth chapter of the Fourth Gospel is not that which it originally occupied.

2.—ON TRUTH.<sup>1</sup>

Under a great title Dr. Mivart has produced really a great book, we had almost said a universal book, so vast and ample is its subject-matter. The work is in five sections; the first, on "fundamental facts and principles;" the second, on "idealism;" the third, on "man;" the fourth, on "the world;" the fifth, on "science." Briefly, it deals with Applied Logic, with Human Physiology and Psychology, with General Biology, with the question of a First Cause, and finally with Evolution. The two things that we most like about the book are, first, the continual blending of scholastic philosophy with modern science; and secondly, the originality and boldness displayed in the defence of the ancient lines. Surely it is a mistake to suppose that because lines are ancient, they can only be defended by ancient and well-worn weapons, against all assaults, however varied and new.

Thus the difficulty about the pain and suffering in the world comes home to modern man far more vividly than it seems to have done to the contemporaries of St. Thomas. On this Dr. Mivart writes (p. 468):

We may ask our dissatisfied opponents what they would have. Would they have (1) a system of things in which there were no painful or destructive agencies, or (2) a system in which pain and suffering should be dealt out to each man with full justice, exactly according to his deserts?

On these two alternatives it is happily remarked:

In a world where pain and suffering were unknown there would be no stimulus to virtue, but in one constructed on a system of universal rewards, virtue would be strangled in its birth.

But is the former alternative even possible, let alone desirable? Of the possibility of it Dr. Mivart raises a very pertinent doubt.

No one pretends that God can do what is absurd or contradictory, and the range of objective contradiction may be much more extensive than is commonly supposed. God cannot make a circular triangle or cause an event now passed, never to have happened; for such things are contradictions, and therefore nonentities which can have no relation to Omnipotence. But how many objective contradictions

<sup>1</sup> *On Truth. A Systematic Inquiry.* By St. George Mivart, Ph. D., M.D., F.R.S. London: Kegan Paul and Co.

which are beyond our knowledge may render really irrational and therefore impossible to God, actions which to us may seem to open out short cuts and easy roads to perfection?

This notion, that many combinations which men take to be absolutely possible to Omnipotence, are really self-contradictory and intrinsically impossible, had previously occurred to ourselves. We have not seen it in print before. It suggests caution in speculating why God has not done this or that thing. It has been happily said by the Bishop of Carlisle that evil is the other branch of the hyperbola. May not a creation without some woe and suffering somewhere after all be as intrinsically absurd as the positive branch of the hyperbola existing without the negative? Creation is drawn by Infinite Goodness out of the infinite evil of blank nothing; can it do otherwise than bear the traces of both the one and the other of the sources whence it comes?

To return to Dr. Mivart. He carefully eschews controversy throughout, particularly with Catholic opponents. But the application of this rebuke to the Positivist school is not to be mistaken.

Our intellect reveals to us absolute, necessary, and universal truths. Such truths underlie all physical science, and we must once more remind the reader that philosophy is the judge of physical science; that "thought," and not "imagination," is our supreme and ultimate criterion, and that many things can be conceived of which can never be imagined. (p. 433.)

Naturally, coming from such an author, the chapters on Biology and Evolution have the greatest interest. On Evolution Dr. Mivart re-asserts the conclusion for which his name has long been celebrated.

Our verdict, then, is that new species are evolved . . . by the "nature," that is, the "principle of individuation" of organisms, which has *definite* tendencies to variation, and the action of which is partly stimulated and partly restrained by the action of surrounding species. The origin of the human species must, however, belong to a different category, since, as we have seen, in spite of the exceedingly close resemblance of the human frame to the structure of apes, the soul of man possesses powers so utterly distinct in kind from those possessed by any other known existence in the material universe, that it merits to be distinguished by a radically distinct denomination—that of "spirit." As to the *mode* of its formation, reason tells us absolutely nothing save that it is through some Divine action different

in kind from that by which every other organism has been called into being. Neither is it possible to decide whether man's soul and body were simultaneously created as they now are, or whether a rational soul was infused within an organism that had been psychogenetically evolved from some pre-existing irrational creature. Analogy is against both these modes of formation, and yet we have no natural guide but analogy. . . . Speculation, therefore, as to this enigma is useless. (pp. 527, 528.)

"Powers so utterly distinct in kind" of course are not allowed to man by the ultra-evolutionists. But Dr. Mivart, in his chapter on "The Animal Faculties," well vindicates the pre-eminence of our species. He observes (p. 355):

Many persons eagerly note and are prone to exaggerate any actions of animals which show, as they think, true intelligence, but as a rule, they fail altogether to observe phenomena which bespeak a want of intelligence. On this account a book requires to be written on "the stupidity of animals." Acts which would be reckoned as signs of extreme obtuseness and stupidity in us, are common enough amongst animals usually reckoned as the most intelligent.

We have rather fluttered among the flowers of Dr. Mivart's garden than surveyed it and measured it out in detail, a task which would have taken us far beyond the limits of a review. But we recommend any one who has aught of the philosopher in him, first, to procure this book; secondly, to dip into it here and there for weeks and months; and lastly, when he has the leisure, to sit down to it regularly and master the whole. It is a work, we augur, that will minister potently towards that habit of sober, studious thought, the lack of which, between an illogical Establishment and a moon-struck scepticism, puts so great a chasm in the way of the progress of the Catholic Church in England.

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### 3.—GALILEO AND HIS JUDGES.<sup>1</sup>

The treatment of Galileo by the Church is a subject which is ever presenting itself, and as it seems, with its old freshness. For the average Protestant controversialist it evidently possesses a positive fascination. If any stick is good enough to flog Catholics with, such an effectual weapon as this must not be left long idle. Not only does Galileo's case prove that the Holy See can take the wrong side in a controversy fraught with

<sup>1</sup> *Galileo and his Judges.* By F. R. Wegg-Prosser. Chapman and Hall, 1889.

vital issues, and touching the very foundations of faith, but it is also in their eyes a palpable and even gross instance of the opposition, constant as they suppose, on the part of the Catholic Church to the progress of physical science and every kind of enlightenment which seems to threaten her jealously-guarded but narrow-minded interests. On the one side is the martyr Galileo, suffering for Truth and the cause of humanity—on the other a persecuting Pope, and bigotry, ignorance, cruelty.

The Catholic layman who undertakes the task of sifting this question and laying the facts about it with absolute impartiality before the public; who succeeds thus in clearing the ecclesiastical authorities from wild and exaggerated charges, while with true moderation he does not shrink from owning their mistakes and meting out to them their due share of blame has without doubt earned a title to our gratitude as well as to our sincere praise. And this is what Mr. Wegg-Prosser has done in the book before us. He has related in outline the whole history of Galileo and his controversy, given us some insight into the character and attainments of the man, and while he has exploded several popular fallacies about him, he has also established many points in his favour, notably that he was really in possession of reasons for the Copernican theory of the universe which were, properly speaking, sufficient to prove it.

Perhaps the most useful part of the work is the chapter devoted to the celebrated *Dialogues* published by Galileo in 1632, which brought about his second condemnation in the following year. The arguments contained in the *Dialogues* are presented in a summary of some length, and although several of them are sound, Mr. Wegg-Prosser points out that the one on which Galileo placed most stress, that drawn from the phenomena of tides, is in fact quite erroneous. If the work reaches, as we expect it will, a second edition, we hope that the nature of this argument will be made somewhat clearer for the general reader. Indeed, we think that if more space were devoted to certain crucial elements of the case, and various topics which have no very direct bearing upon it were cut down or cut out, the controversial value of the work (and the author tells us this was his principal aim in writing it) would be proportionately increased. For instance, one of the secondary causes (but one of very great importance) that led to the action of the Congregation in 1633, is, we think, rightly indicated, but should be

more insisted on. We mean the shuffling attitude of Galileo, which made the Cardinals thoroughly distrust him. After writing the book in defiance of orders received, and after showing the certainty, from a natural point of view, of the heliocentric arrangement, he neither admitted that he held the theory, nor that he had intended to put it forward as true—a course which was both undignified and dishonest.

In dealing with the theology of the subject, the writer frequently apologizes as though for trespassing on preserved ground, but he shows that he has by a conscientious study of a rather intricate part of the science, earned a right to express his opinions on matters theological. We believe those opinions to be perfectly sound. There is, however, one point of doctrine which we venture to think might have been stated more fearlessly. We mean the doctrine that an interior assent of a certain kind is sometimes due to decisions of the Church which are not put forward as irreformable. We say of a certain kind because such an assent is essentially different from that due to *ex cathedrâ* definitions. It is not and cannot be either final or supreme, but it ought to be interior. It is not of itself unrestricted; and it may be restricted (which a supreme consent to an irreformable decision can never be) by opposing evidence. But the evidence must in itself be strong enough to justify assent (a case which will be rare) and, in proportion to the strength of the opposing evidence, we are bound to a corresponding effort of the will to accept the decision—in other words, to an interior act. Such an obligation is of frequent occurrence in the less important affairs of every-day life. We think few theologians will be found to disagree with this view of what is called *assensus religiosus*, and we believe it will explain the celebrated Brief of Pius the Ninth (quoted on p. 31) addressed on the subject of Guntherianism to the Archbishop of Cologne.

We heartily recommend this book to our readers, especially to such as wish to be able to speak with confidence about Galileo. And the impression derived from reading it may be something like this. The Church has lasted a good many ages, during which she has had a good deal to do with making history. If her bigotry is as black as her enemies paint it, how comes it that they are always harking back to a single instance of it, an instance which when fairly looked into does not turn out to be very black after all?



4.—THOUGHTS ON APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.<sup>2</sup>

Apostolic Succession is often conceived as a mere matter of Orders coming in a direct line from the Apostles. At that rate, any bishop, priest, or deacon, whose Orders were valid, would have the Apostolic Succession. But the Catechism definition, besides Orders, adds the other requisite of mission, or jurisdiction, coming from the Apostles. To this end it is necessary, as Father Gallwey points out, that the bishop or priest be not merely "lineally descended from the dead Apostles," but farther "sent and commissioned by the living Apostle." The "living Apostle" is of course the successor of St. Peter. Catholic theologians are familiar with the idea that apostolic privileges, as distinct from episcopal and sacerdotal powers, have gone down in one line only, that of the Roman Pontiffs. Since the death of St. John, it is only the Roman Pontiff, Peter's successor for the time being, that has enjoyed the apostolic gifts of personal infallibility and world-wide mission and jurisdiction. Father Gallwey has set this doctrine in a strong light. It has not hitherto been "sufficiently understood of the people," even amongst Catholic laymen. It is wholly ignored by Anglicans, even the most Catholicly inclined; for the simple reason that admission of it would make them cease to be Anglicans, and become that which they are inclined to, downright *Papists* and true Catholics. The need then is of true bishops in the Church, and above all bishops, of the Apostle, even as the original Apostles, while they lived, were above other bishops. It is the continued presence and pre-eminence of the Apostle that keeps the Church Apostolic. The Anglican body, however valid its Orders, has been cut off from the Apostolic Succession from the very year of its birth, 1559, by its continual adherence to the Act of Parliament passed that year, that "no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, spiritual or temporal, use, enjoy, or exercise any manner of power, jurisdiction, superiority, authority, pre-eminence or privilege, spiritual or ecclesiastical, within this realm." Upon this Father Gallwey asks:

What has come of the Apostolic office which was so important and glorious a feature in the early Church? If the Presbyterian has changed

<sup>1</sup> *Thoughts on Apostolic Succession*, to help Catholics in discussion with their Anglican friends. By Father Gallwey, S.J. Burns and Oates, Limited.

the essential constitution of the Church of Christ, by casting out bishops and priests, have you not done a work of destruction more thorough when you got rid of the Apostle? Was not the Apostle, to say the least, as important to the Church as either bishop or priest? Irving remedied this evil most absurdly by creating Apostles in his own new church, but his difficulty was real.

The Anglican has but to hang his head and reply, either that the Apostolic Office has lapsed in his Church, and with it therefore the Apostolic Succession; or else that the Apostolic Office is to be found where the said Act of Parliament placed it, "for ever united and annexed to the imperial Crown of this realm."

Father Gallwey's work has this special value, that it embodies the substances of many conversations that he has had with Anglicans, often with the happiest results. It may also induce Catholics to study the subject, and have ready some sufficient answers for their Anglican friends. The best argument here is the plainest; and nothing can be more plain, than what Father Gallwey insists upon, the indispensableness of the living Apostle in the Church.

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#### 5.—THE DEVOTION OF THE SACRED HEART.<sup>1</sup>

The devotion of the Sacred Heart, in the words of Pope Pius IX., spoken by him in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this work, "deservedly unites, beyond all others, the piety, the hopes, and the prayers of the faithful of the present time." And we cannot wonder if, being such, it has given birth to a literature of its own, and treatises in explanation of it almost without number.

Father Franciosi, in writing his book, which has now reached a sixth edition, has proposed to himself, as his object, to give the public a manual of the devotion of the Sacred Heart which shall be at once compendious and exhaustive; and he adopts as his motto the words of the author of the books of Maccabees,<sup>2</sup> "Considering the multitude of books, and the difficulty that they find that desire to undertake the narration of histories because of the multitude of the matter . . . in undertaking

<sup>1</sup> *La Devotion au Sacré-Cœur de Jésus, et au Saint Cœur de Marie.* Notions doctrinales et pratiques dédiées à SS. Pie IX. avec son agrément, par le R.P. Xavier de Franciosi de la Compagnie de Jésus. Sixième Edition. Paris, 1887.

<sup>2</sup> 2 Macch. ii. 25, 27.

this work of abridging we have taken in hand no easy task." The vast extension of the devotion of the Sacred Heart in our time, which has drawn so many hundreds of thousands of the faithful into its association, has provoked the objection of the indolent and superficial thinkers of the day (too indolent for a patient study of the subject, too superficial for sounding its depths) that the devotion is new, that it is an unintelligible subtlety, a refinement that has no end. Inspired with the desire of offering a remedy for this fallacy, Father Franciosi proposes in his book to distinguish between what is essential and what is accessory, in the devotion of the Sacred Heart; to reduce the essential to certain points; to arrange those points in order, and with method, and to present them briefly and clearly; and then to offer a compendium of the whole subject to those who cannot make up their minds to derive it from other sources. Father Franciosi justly complains that, in spite of the vast extension which the devotion of the Sacred Heart has met with in the present time, it is not as yet sufficiently appreciated, and the object of his book is to make it better appreciated. His first chapter is on the "Object of the Devotion," or the adorable Person of Jesus Christ; the special and proximate object being the Heart, the noblest portion of His Sacred Humanity, the material object or symbol (which is to the devotion what the outward and visible part is to a sacrament) is the Heart of flesh of Jesus Christ; while the spiritual object is the infinite love of Jesus Christ for us. He then passes to the history of the devotion, and shows that—far from being new—while it is foreshadowed in the Psalms and prophecies of the Old Testament, its foundation is coeval with the hypostatic union of the two natures in the Divine Person of Jesus Christ. The Fathers assembled in the Council of Ephesus, who condemned Nestorius, would have spontaneously accepted the devotion by acclamation, and pronounced their "Anathema" on its impugnors. The substance of the devotion is to be found in the utterances of St. John the Evangelist, of the Fathers of the Desert, and in every period of the Church; it has been preached and practised by St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom, by St. Bernard and St. Francis, St. Bonaventure, the Blessed Henry Suso, St. Gertrude, St. Clare; in later times by St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Laurence Justinian, Louis de Blois, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Frances of Rome, St. Rose of Lima; and later still, by St. Thomas of Villanova, St. Peter

of Alcantara, St. Aloysius, Blessed Canisius, St. Francis of Sales, by St. Teresa, St. Magdalen of Pazzi, and other chosen souls of the Order of Mount Carmel, who have been admitted to the wine-cellars of the great King, and inebriated themselves with the streams of His love. This list might be continued indefinitely. The devotion has been planted in the Church like the trees planted by God in Paradise. They grew, they blossomed, they expanded into fruit, but never sprang from seeds. The devotion of the Sacred Heart is not the result of a theological development, or a transmutation of species. Still less is it a modern parasitical accretion on the trunk of Catholic doctrine. There is nothing in religion so perishable as the pious practices of a past age, because they are not preserved in documents; and hence the denial by the unlearned of the identity of our spiritual life with that of our ancestors in the faith; but St. John, the "beloved disciple," practised the devotion of the Sacred Heart, when he leaned on the bosom of our Blessed Lord at the Last Supper, precisely as we do now when we kneel before a picture of the Heart of flesh "which has loved men so much."

Nothing is new in the devotion of the Sacred Heart except its form. Since the 16th of June, 1675, we have a symbol given to us to concentrate our devotion, a standard round which to rally and assemble our hosts, a practice proposed for the protection and consolation of God's Church in days of coldness, infidelity, and indifferentism, and we have Divine promises of blessings upon those who observe it. The development consists in bringing to light by reflection what was spontaneously believed before. It is the unfolding of a truth which was given to the Church entire, the external extension of the knowledge of it giving it a greater prominence than before among the pious practices of the faithful.

After the history, Father Franciosi treats of the end which the devotion aims at attaining, viz., a personal love of Jesus Christ, and the motives which ought to prompt us to embrace it; these are drawn from the solidity of the devotion, and the sound theological basis upon which it rests. This branch of the subject has been admirably set forth by the late Cardinal Franzelin in his treatise on the Incarnation, and a very scholarly translation into English of that portion of the treatise which bears upon this devotion, has been recently published by the Rev. George Tickell of the Society of Jesus. Father Franciosi

has a chapter on the devotion of the Sacred Heart with special reference to France, and the rest of the book treats of the means of acquiring the devotion, the reparation for the ingratitude of men effected by the devotion, concluding with a treatise on the devotion of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and a copious and complete collection of prayers and devout practices in harmony with the devotion of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

Father Franciosi has done a most useful work in contriving to collect, in a book of moderate dimensions, everything that belongs to the devotion of the most Sacred Heart of Jesus; the doctrinal and historical parts; the motives that recommend it; the means for attaining it; the methods for practising it; matters which form the subject of a great number of different books by other authors, and which he has treated, within the narrow limits which he has imposed upon himself, with such completeness and so clearly as to dispense with the need of the big volumes and various opuscula of other writers. He has perfectly succeeded in performing the task which he proposed to himself in undertaking this work, namely, of supplying such of the "reading public" as shrink from a long and heavy study of the subject, with a short treatise which, by its completeness, might leave nothing to be desired, either in the speculative or practical part of the devotion of the Sacred Heart. He has added an Appendix, in which the devotion to the holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary is treated with the same method and completeness. We congratulate Father Franciosi, and hope that he may have a wide circulation and many more editions of his book, which is so well calculated to advance the right understanding and the propagation of a devotion so profitable to Christianity at all times, but especially in those in which we are living. *Accedet homo ad Cor altum et exaltabitur Deus.* (Psalm lxiii. 7.)

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6.—THE VIRGIN MOTHER.<sup>1</sup>

St. Anselm's Society has just added to its rapidly lengthening list of useful works a book of much value on the Blessed Virgin. That exact knowledge of the Church's doctrines

<sup>1</sup> *The Virgin Mother according to Theology.* By the Rev. John Baptist Petitalot, Priest of the Society of Mary.

concerning the Mother of God should be spread as widely as possible, is much to be desired, not only for the sake of the mass of non-Catholic Englishmen—generally profoundly ignorant of the subject—but for the sake of Catholics also whose views are cleared up and whose devotion strengthened the more familiar they become with the writings of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church. The object the writer had before him when he began this work, was to put before his readers, shortly and clearly, the whole of the Church's teaching concerning the Mother of God as expressed in the thoughts and words of her greatest writers. He thus explains his purpose in the Introduction :

Apart from some very estimable works which we shall cite more than once, all the modern books which inundate us have but one merit, the great good will of their authors. A good intention is something in the eyes of Mary ; all these books, of which we regret the inferiority, have done good we believe to some souls. But we cannot help comparing them with the solid writings of the Fathers and theologians, and we can ask freely of the greater part of the panegyrists of the Virgin : What have you done with such great riches ? Why have you left so many treasures shut up ? Why having so many resources, do you give us so little ?

Our object will be to sum up in a few hundred pages, and so to put in the hands of ecclesiastics and the faithful, the great teachings of the Fathers of the Church and the chief theologians, whose dusty folios are rarely met with and still more rarely perused.

It may be that modern books on our Lady are to some extent wanting in solidity. It is so much the fashion in popular books to take a well turned phrase, or a clever or pretty saying, as an equivalent for sound learning and reasoning, that it might seem strange if popular spiritual writers had not been somewhat infected with the prevailing weakness. However this may be—if it really be true that modern authors have neglected to work the rich mine of theology lying beneath the dusty covers of formidable looking volumes—this charge cannot be laid at the door of the present writer. At the end of the volume is a long list of the authorities consulted and largely quoted, beginning with St. Thomas of Aquin, including Suarez, Vasquez, Blessed Peter Canisius, Benedict the Fourteenth, and ending with Poiré Crasset and Faber. The result is a complete summary of the Church's doctrine concerning the Mother of God, drawn from the most reliable sources and contained within the smallest compass.



To write solidly on a theological subject presupposes a full and familiar knowledge of the teaching of the Church on the matter, and further a power of expanding and explaining by legitimate inferences the point to be illustrated. Father Petitalot is fully conversant with the theology of Mary, and though the limits which he has set himself prevent very much in the way of illustration, still from time to time he shows that he has more than ordinary powers of exposition. The plan of the book is very simple. Beginning with the Divine plan for the creation and preparation of Mary for the place she was to hold in the order of God's providence, the author goes on to indicate the way in which Mary was foretold and foreshadowed in prophecy: passing on to the time of her coming into actual existence, he sets forth most clearly the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception—a doctrine difficult to expound, and one which Catholics find it no easy matter to grasp: then tracing her life throughout, and God's dealings with her during it, he finally comes to consider the place which Mary holds in the Church, and the way in which devotion is, and ought to be, paid to her. It will at once be seen that this comprehensive scheme embraces a vast amount of theology—so much that any attempt to review it in detail would far exceed the space to which we are limited. Suffice it to say that every statement is supported by a proof from at least one of the great Fathers or theologians of the Church. And this is one of the most satisfactory features of the book, that we have the interpretation of the Scripture passages regarding Mary given in the words of those whom Catholics regard as the authorized interpreters of the Word of God. The writings of the Fathers, too, are largely quoted as drawing out and explaining the briefer and more condensed sayings of the theologians. And this should undoubtedly recommend the book to those who have not time or opportunity to consult the originals for themselves. There is besides positive and direct teaching a great deal of collateral theology introduced as throwing light on the main subject in hand: as for instance the position of St. Joseph with reference to the Mother and Child: the relation of the Holy Spirit to Mary: the connection between Mary and the Blessed Sacrament. Much too is done in the way of illustration by quoting the objections of Protestants, and then giving a complete solution of them. Here the author has done wisely in confining himself to the ordinary difficulties, such as those arising from the way in

which our Lord spoke to His Mother at Cana, or from His asking who His Mother was. Though explanation of these and similar points have been given time out of mind, still it is by no means slaying the slain to restate these answers, seeing the marvellous vitality there is in the wrong interpretation. Lastly it must not be supposed that Father Petitalot has compiled a mere dry theological compendium ; this idea will at once be dispelled by reading the beautiful chapter on the *Ave Maria*, or again by the history of the Holy House of Loreto and the four great French pilgrimages. The book besides being full of learning, is full also of suggested methods of paying honour to the Mother of God. This is what all solid writing on theology should lead up to—a stronger faith displaying itself in the work of life.

One or two points would perhaps admit of further explanation. Thus, for example, our Lady is several times spoken of as having exercised the priestly office at the Presentation in the Temple and on Mount Calvary. The sense in which this is said is pointed out by the author, but perhaps not sufficient emphasis is laid on the fact that our Lord offered Himself on Calvary—that He was Priest and Victim—and that Mary only offered Him so far as her will was in complete harmony with His. Only in a very secondary sense then did she exercise the functions of the priesthood—not through any defect on her part, but simply because it was impossible for her to do it. Again, it might be useful to many readers to know how what is said of the Uncreated Wisdom in the Old Testament is true of Mary : or again, the difference, from a dogmatic point of view, between the text in Genesis where it is foretold that the Woman shall crush the serpent's head, and the applied meaning of some of the words of the Spouse in the Canticles. The Fathers, as is well known, and especially St. Bernard, freely pressed into service, in the accommodated sense, whatever parts of the Old Testament suited their purpose, fully conscious that such texts could not be used as proof. It might be well, however, at the present time, when the literal sense of Scripture is being more insisted upon, to show that Mary's position in theology does not depend upon certain phrases of the Old Testament, however beautiful in themselves, used in a spiritual sense by ecclesiastical writers, but that it is based upon the whole system of the Church's teaching as contained in Scripture and Tradition. This remark we have been led to make from the fact that texts which are held as applying literally to the Mother of God, and

those which apply only in the spiritual or accommodated sense are sometimes used indiscriminately—with no evil consequence, it may be, to Catholics, but with a danger of misunderstanding on the part of those not in the Church. Lastly, we might suggest that, for the benefit of the unlearned, some of the longer Latin quotations not yet translated might in a future edition appear in English as well.

As a Preface to the work there is a letter from His Holiness the Pope, thanking and commending the author for the zeal and toil which he has expended in his task. This, of course, by no means involves an utterance of the Pope as infallible teacher of the Universal Church (as some would have wished to understand in the case of a similar letter to M. Henri Lasserre) as to the doctrine taught. It is the blessing of a Father on the work of one of his sons. That it was worthy of such a blessing is evidenced by its having reached the third edition in French, from which the present volume is translated. Not only the meaning, but the spirit of the original has been well brought out in the English, and the material get up of the book is all that could be desired.

#### 7.—INSTITUTIONES LOGICALES.<sup>1</sup>

One of the most cheering signs of our time is the revival of Catholic philosophy. The impulse given by the reigning Pontiff has quickened the energies of the lovers of truth and of religion, and originated a widespread movement towards a reconstruction of the science of philosophy on the old and sound foundations. Germany was the first to take up the word of Leo. In 1880 the German Jesuits began the publication of a complete course of philosophy, the *Philosophia Lacensis*. Father Pesch opened the series, and his book, *Institutiones Philosophiæ naturalis*, boded much good for the noble undertaking. Three years later the same author published this work in German, cast in a more popular form, under the title of *Die grossen Welträthsel*, "the great mysteries of the Universe." The success of these two large volumes surpassed even that of its Latin predecessor. Both works were highly praised by the most competent judges.

<sup>1</sup> *Institutiones Logicales, secundum principia S. Thomæ Aquinatis ad usum scholasticum accommodavit Tilmannus Pesch, S.J. Pars I. Friburgi Brisgoviz. Sumptibus Herder, MDCCCLXXXVIII.*

Lately, Father Pesch has published his second contribution to the *Philosophia Lacensis*. The volume before us, five hundred and eighty-five pages large octavo, is the first part of his *Institutiones Logicales*, a standard work on logic, which will be hailed with joy by all the friends of Catholic philosophy.

When we compare the methods of "modern philosophers" with those of the Schoolmen, we are struck with one most curious and characteristic phenomenon. The modern philosopher starts with the assumption of some favourite theory, *e.g.*, the much vaunted theory of universal evolution. Then he builds up his system, the different parts of which are made to fit as best they can, so as to corroborate the whole building. Not so the men of the School, not so Father Pesch. He warns us at the outset that he teaches not *his logic*, but *logic*, not a set of rules founded and based on some pet theory, but resting on the solid basis of experience; not indeed sensible, but mental experience, the reflection of the mind on its own acts, carried on for centuries by the most acute intellects, from the time of Aristotle to the age of Aquinas, from the age of Aquinas down to our own time.

Such is the logic which in this volume is proposed to us, expounded by one who, himself a master in the art of deep and correct thought, is most eminently qualified to teach those that thirst after truth, how to use the tool which is given them to satisfy this noble, this truly human craving.

The author informs us that the scope of his work lies between the comparatively narrow limits of a compendium, such as there are many, and the very wide limits of those bulky treatises, destined rather for the masters of the craft, than for the use of students. His aim is to be thorough and complete, yet not beyond the reach of youthful minds. That aim, we think, he has nicely hit. In the volume before us there is nothing superficial, nothing obscure; these *institutiones* are a rich mine of knowledge, both for the beginner and for the more advanced.

A cursory review of the whole system will satisfy us of the powerful grasp with which the author handles his subject, careful study alone can do justice to his sharp and precise apprehension of details.

It is evident at the first glance that Father Pesch is not content to point out, as it were, from afar, the road to the knowledge of truth; he takes the pupil by the hand, and leads

him, step by step, along the steep and rugged path. His first care is to supply a large store of excellent provisions. For that purpose the first book, two hundred and thirty pages, is devoted to a discussion of preliminary matter. After the first chapter, which treats of the definition, division, utility, and excellence of philosophy, we are introduced in the second to all the distinguished masters of logic, from the earliest dawn of the science in China, some six hundred years before Christ, down to the Greeks, down to the great lights of the School, Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas, &c., down to the more modern philosophers, Bacon, Descartes, Kant, &c., down to our own times, which have witnessed side by side with the wildest excesses of materialistic philosophy, a glorious and growing revival of the sound and time honoured doctrines of Scholastic philosophy.

These seventy-five pages—in great part close print—are meant to impress upon the youthful student the importance of the subject, the danger of even the smallest error in these fundamental questions, and to kindle in him a noble curiosity, the parent of all true knowledge. The author himself recommends beginners not to linger too long in this historical gallery. To the more advanced a prolonged stay and a careful examination of these personages, will bring much information and intellectual satisfaction. The different personalities stand sharply out, and in a few forcible strokes their characteristic features are clearly exhibited.

From this we pass on to the third chapter. Here the mind is first taught to reflect upon its own actions; to inquire into the nature of its faculties; to investigate the relations these faculties bear to each other, and their mutual influences. All this, no doubt, is an anticipation of psychology; and Father Pesch is foremost to declare that logic must needs precede any solid psychological inquiry. We must know how to use the tool, before we can apply it to so delicate an operation as is the investigation of its own nature. On the other hand, that tool is no other than the living intellect itself. In order then fully to understand its activity in the search after truth, some previous acquaintance with the nature of its actions and faculties seems well-nigh indispensable. These considerations have led the author to adopt a *via media*. In fifty pages he gives an exposition of the chief facts and truths of psychology, without entering upon an elaborate discussion of the more difficult questions, or a refutation of adverse doctrines. This

broad outline of psychology seems to us in all respects excellent. Clear, concise, complete within its limits, it gives the pupil all that is necessary for an intelligent study of logic, without imposing on him a burden for which he is, as yet, ill prepared. And even those who are no strangers to psychology may read these pages with fruit and pleasure.

One more addition is wanted to complete the equipment of the young philosopher. He must be taught how to study, and how to read, he must be put on his guard against those "idols" of which Bacon speaks; his attention must be drawn to the sources of error and of prejudice; he must be taught the right use of words, the correct interpretation of the writings of others. All this is not logic; all this is no strictly scientific inquiry into the acts by which the intellect acquires knowledge; yet all this is hardly less necessary for him who is earnestly bent on the attainment of truth.

These precepts, together with some information necessary for argument, form the subject-matter of the fourth chapter, the last of the first book.

With the second book we enter upon the domain of logic proper. It is divided into five chapters. The first treats of the "first operation of the mind," or apprehension; the second of the "second operation," or judgment; the third of the "third operation," or reasoning; the fourth chapter is devoted to the "methodical disposition of our mental operations," whilst the fifth leads us to "the attainment of truth by certitude and evidence."

It will be observed that the author mainly holds to the common division. He writes *logic*, not *his logic*. The manner in which he deals with his subject seems to us very satisfactory. To show this we should have to enter into detail, more than the space at our disposal would allow. This alone we will say: His treatment we deem at once very complete, and very lucid, thorough, and straightforward.

There are three great qualities for which we hold this work to be conspicuous. *First*, the Latin is plain, free from needless eloquence or useless circumlocutions.

*Secondly*, the author has exerted himself with the happiest result "to expose the doctrine, not only according to the mind, but as far as possible in the very words of Aquinas." This we consider a great merit. Few or none have surpassed St. Thomas in precise and pointed exposition.



*Thirdly*, the exposition is throughout remarkably clear and concise. Technical terms are defined with great care and accuracy; the different meanings of the same term are sharply distinguished; in brief, the idea which underlies and is expressed by these terms is everywhere clearly explained, and often happily illustrated.

No one who has experienced the confusion of thought caused by ill-defined terms will deem this last a slight recommendation. The author informs us that the second part of his work is passing through the press. We confess that we await it with eagerness. There we are promised a critical discussion of the modern theories about the nature and sources of certitude, and a refutation of the errors rife in these days; a more subtle inquiry into the three operations of our mind; lastly, a comprehensive treatise on those parts of logic which border on metaphysics, the "categories" and the most general and universal concepts of "being," "unity," &c. The name of the author, his former works, and the volume before us, guarantee the thoroughness and lucidity of this second part. If we are not greatly mistaken, this work will be universally recognized as a masterly treatise on logic, and a very valuable addition to the series of which it forms a part.

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8.—THE HISTORY AND FATE OF SACRILEGE.<sup>1</sup>

That so curious and well known a work as Spelman's *History and Fate of Sacrilege* should have reached a new edition is perhaps less to be wondered at, than that it should have been so long out of print. The reprint contains the Introduction and additions of Prebendary Webb and Dr. Neale, the two Anglican "priests" who edited the work in 1846, and Dr. Eales has now added an Index and some further notes. As Catholics we find no difficulty in accepting the main thesis which the book is intended to prove. We believe that there is a Providence, that sinners are justly punished in that wherein they have sinned, and that the fruits of sacrilege, instead of enriching the family of the robber, will frequently become in God's hands the means of bringing it into real want. This we believe happens very often indeed, even though this

<sup>1</sup> *The History and Fate of Sacrilege.* By Sir Henry Spelman. Edited by two Priests of the Church of England. New Edition, by S. J. Eales, D.C.L.

world is the last place where such immediate judgments are to be expected. For here God allows sinners to have their day, one reason for which is certainly we may imagine, as St. Augustine says, that He is willing to reward evil men with present prosperity for such good works as they may have done, before they come to the terrible punishment of their crimes hereafter.

But from another point of view we cannot confess ourselves so well satisfied. The book is intended as a strong argument against Disestablishment, and this bugbear has somewhat unsettled the discrimination of the editors. They have had before them almost every sin imaginable, yet they seem to make far more account of the smallest sacrilege, than of other far more heinous crimes. Doubtless they would say in their defence that they were tracing the history of sacrilege and not that of other crime. And we, granting their plea to the full, yet remain impressed with the exaggeration of their view, in spite of the evident sincerity with which they trace the punishment for seizing Church property to the fourth and fifth generation, whilst, as far as this history troubles itself, the worst sins against faith, purity, and charity, with which all five generations were stained, pass unnoticed and unavenged. If Anglican "priests" wish to secure themselves against Disestablishment, let them prove if they can the validity of their title-deeds. If these are no longer recognized, they will toil in vain to inspire respect for things once held sacred, and may reasonably fear to see their livings reassumed by the secular power, from which they hold them, and their Establishment finally lose its State support.

Turning from the theory of the book to its facts, we cannot fail to see much that is instructive and entertaining. It is instructive, for instance, to find how much more efficient the craving for Church property was to introduce the Reformation than any desire of "the pure Gospel."

Fuller relates . . . how one Thacker, being possessed of Repindon Abbey, in Derbyshire, alarmed with the news that Queen Mary had set up these abbeys again (and fearing how large a reach such a precedent might have), upon a Sunday (belike, the better the day the better the deed), called together the carpenters and masons of that country, and plucked down in one day (churchwork is a cripple in going up, but rides post in coming down), a most beautiful church belonging thereunto, adding, he would destroy the nest for fear the birds should build therein again. (p. 202.)

To us it seems a far more important thing to notice how real was the guilty fear of a return of Catholicism, and how hideously destructive that fear was, than to be told that Mr. Thacker's family survived a century and a half and then died out.

The vow made by Charles, "at a time when all hope of regaining his kingdom seemed at an end," is interesting. (p. 128.)

I do here promise and solemnly vow, in the presence, and for the service of Almighty God, that if it shall please the Divine Majesty, of His infinite goodness to restore me to my just kingly rights, and to re-establish me in my throne, I will wholly give back to His Church all those impropriations which are now held by the Crown, and what lands soever I do now or should enjoy, which have been taken away either from any episcopal see, or any Cathedral or collegiate church, from any abbey or other religious house. I likewise promise for hereafter to hold them from the Church under such reasonable fines and rents, as shall be set down by some conscientious persons, whom I propose to choose with all uprightness of heart, to direct me in this particular. And I humbly beseech God to accept of this my vow, and to bless me in the design I have now in hand, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

CHARLES R.

Oxford, April 13, 1646.

This is a true copy of the King's vow, which was preserved thirteen years under ground by me.

GILBERT SHELDON.

August 21, 1660.

There are many striking stories of sacrilege and its heritage of punishment, though mostly too long to quote. Of course they are not all equally telling, some seem decidedly weak, as, for instance, the account of a curse which attended the issue of one of the murderers of St. Thomas, of whom "it is reported that wheresoever any of them travelleth, the wind is commonly in their faces."

Examples of the misfortunes attending the possession of Protestant Church lands during the Civil War, as well as of retribution following those who profaned Pagan temples in ancient days, will perhaps go to prove that men may with a false conscience commit the same crimes and receive for them the same punishments as those who sin in the face of true light.

9.—MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF MRS. SARAH PETERS.<sup>1</sup>

The life of Mrs. Peters cannot fail to interest the many who care to learn from the practical experience of one who has tried it, how best to live a life consecrated to God, in, and yet unspotted from, the world; a life lived in clear acknowledgment of the duties of her worldly state, yet very markedly one with direct and widely-spread works of charity as a conspicuous element in it.

A native of Ohio, Mrs. Peters at the age of sixteen was married first to Edward King, a lawyer of prominence. We find that her desire to labour for God was shown by her activity in the work of the Protestant Church in Chillicothe. Later on, after they removed to Cincinnati, Mrs. King was well known as one of the leading intellectual women in the country.

The rare gifts with which nature had endowed her had not been neglected in the calmer life she had led in the more quiet town of Chillicothe, and when she appeared on the larger field that Cincinnati offered, her advent was hailed with delight, and she soon became prominent in the highest circles which at that time, more than at any subsequent period in the city's history, was characterized by intellectual cultivation, gracious hospitalities, and gentle manners.

In 1836, General King died, and eight years afterwards his widow married Mr. Peters, a man of great learning and an excellent writer. Their home in Philadelphia is well described, and we find Mrs. Peters, talented as a musician, most successful as a hostess, brilliant in her position as in herself, listening for the "still sad music of humanity," and putting forth her hand again to deeds of mercy. Her efforts before this had been very specially directed to the establishment of a large orphanage, but now the help of penitent women was her special *attrait*. The Rosina house for Magdalens, still existing, was the outcome of this, and at the same time was also found in her own house a school of design for women. Her first visit to Europe and her Eastern travels are fully described alike by the author—her daughter-in-law—as by her letters, which latter show her keenly observant mind and power of retaining impressions. These letters are very pleasant reading, and indeed the book as a whole is eminently successful; the author so skilfully effacing herself, and selecting only that which is of interest, that one is

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Sarah Peters.* By Margaret King. 2 vols. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co., 1889.

all through living with Mrs. Peters, and seeing her life as it actually was lived. Throughout her travels, Mrs. Peters went to services at the Greek as well as to those of the Catholic Church, but evidently merely as a sight-seer, for it is not until she reached Jerusalem that any deep impression as to the truth of the one Church seems to have been made. However, the teaching of some Catholic missionaries did its work and resulted in her applying herself to investigating the matter for herself. In later life she looked back to that visit as most precious, for it was the first step on the threshold of the Catholic Church into which she was afterwards received. From the date of this visit to Jerusalem a marked change is noticeable in her letters, and one can detect that as she went to grand functions and visited churches, it was now in a different spirit. One of her letters some time later, in which she describes her first drawing to the Church, is very beautiful, and in writing of the step she was about to take, she says that she had "not been swayed about by any one. Nobody seems to have supposed me so spiritually engaged as to think of taking either measure or persuasion for my conversion."

After her husband's death, and following a retreat at the Convent of the Trinità de' Monti, she was received into the Church; and after leaving Italy she again took up philanthropic work with great zeal. She was the means of bringing the Order of the Good Shepherd to Cincinnati, and in 1857 she herself undertook a mission to some of the Catholic countries of Europe to solicit aid in furthering the many plans she was making for helping other classes of needy, and for which her own fortune, willingly as she gave it, was not adequate.

The account of this tour, given in her letters, is most interesting. Her gracious manner, gifted mind, and great zeal fitted her for the work she had undertaken, as well as her knowledge of many foreign languages and the many introductions to influential people with which she was armed. The Holy Father gave his approbation to her plans, and success seems to have met her everywhere. Her time was spent during that European visit not only in obtaining money at the cost of time and trouble, but also in visiting many different religious orders and planning for future American foundations.

On her return to America she lived for awhile in great simplicity, working hard among the poor, until a new sphere of action opened out by the civil war. With the Sisters of the

Poor of St. Francis, she sought the battlefields and the hospitals, doing there indeed the work of an angel of mercy. For details we refer the reader to her letters, which continue ever interesting and faithfully reflecting the writer's life and thoughts.

In prisoners Mrs. Peters had always taken great interest, and her sympathy towards all suffering drew her to hospitals there to cheer and comfort. At this time of her life she withdrew much from the gay world, but still enjoyed intercourse with society as much as ever. She had charming reunions at her own house, and was herself seldom without a guest. Throughout her life we see that her works of mercy were not allowed to interfere with her keeping up with her children and her friends, her sympathy being wide enough to admit of keen interest being felt for all.

All through her life her health was excellent, and her energy in whatever she undertook was most untiring. Every opportunity for gaining knowledge was seized, and we see in her a readiness to confess ignorance where she felt it, and a reverence instinctively given to superiority. A thorough and intelligent politician, a persevering student, and an exceptionally good musician, her powers were always being cultivated directly or indirectly, and in spite of the cares of family life and works of charity.

In her old age she would accept of none of the privileges which exempt the old from fasting, and her enthusiasm and love for the Church grew as years advanced.

With unimpaired faculties and in good health, when the end came it was the result of an accident and not disease, and painlessly and suddenly she passed away on February 6, 1877.

From an obituary by the Rev. E. A. Higgins, S.J., President of the College of St. Xavier, we quote the following :

Her love for God was so real and so pressing, that she could never tire of working for His honour and glory. She thought that she could never do enough to prove her gratitude for the great gift of faith. "My time is short," she would say, "I must work while it is yet day." How well she laboured, how abundantly her work was blessed, we have only to look around us and see. In the religious houses, which she was instrumental in establishing in this city, the evidence of her zeal shall live after her, more enduring than sculptured stone or monumental brass. . . . The mainspring of her marvellous activity was the spirit of faith, which had transfused and transformed her whole soul. "Her



conversation was in Heaven." "What do I care," she was wont to say, "for the opinions of the world? My portion is with God, and my inheritance is with the saints." . . . God gave her largeness of heart as the sand that is on the sea shore.

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10.—MARY OF NAZARETH.<sup>1</sup>

We have now before us the First Part of Sir John Croker Barrow's new poem *Mary of Nazareth*, the remaining two parts being yet unpublished. We regret this as it precludes our judging the work as a whole. For example, we fail to see, from the evidence of this first instalment, why the poem should be qualified as *legendary*. We think that there is some very sound theology in Part the First. The opinion that the angels fell owing to their refusing to adore the Eternal Son in His assumed Humanity, can scarcely be called a legend. The childhood of Mary in the Temple, it is true, is without historical evidence; though it is piously believed by many holy persons. Yet this is only a slight episode in this short volume. For the rest, there is nothing but what is gathered from the Gospels of the life of Mary, if we except those poetic illustrations which no one takes to be put down as matter of fact. We allude to the exquisite fancies that make the desert bloom as the lily and the rose at Mary's passage from Nazareth to Hebron, and the angels throng with glittering wings and flaming banners to accompany the King and Queen on their journey from Nazareth to Bethlehem.

Yet this First Part is such as to make us hope to see the remaining portion soon given to the public. Sir John Croker Barrow's verse is easy and flowing. In spite of the exigencies of a long poem, there are not many lines we would care to see changed. Now and then there is some weakness; and in so clever a versifier, we were surprised at coming on such a poetical licence as making the work "dawn" to rhyme with "morn." That is however the only fault of the kind in the volume. For the rest we have only praise. The writer shows a delicacy and pureness of imagination rarely met with in our more modern writers; and a deeply Catholic spirit and sincere devotion, unknown save among the children of the Church.

<sup>1</sup> *Mary of Nazareth.* A Legendary Poem. In three Parts. By Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart., Author of the *Valley of Tears*, &c. London: Burns and Oates.

He has made a profound study of the Prologue of St. John's Gospel, and in its light reads the story of Mary's life. And it is the only light by which we can understand her life rightly. All depreciation of Mary's dignity and Mary's position in the plan of redemption, is an infallible indication that the true nature of her Divine Son has not been grasped. The great majority of Protestants—especially those who are so fond of denouncing what they call "Mariolatry"—have no notion what the Incarnation really means, and what it involves. Hence the value of a poem in which the Catholic doctrine is so well put and beautifully expressed. We will give a few extracts in illustration of what we have said ; for the rest we refer our readers to the little volume itself.

In the opening pages the eternity and beatitude of God is described ; and then the creation of spirits and men, for the manifestation of His glory.

One great good God ! one Life from evermore  
 To evermore, before the birth of Time !  
 A life of countless ages o'er and o'er,  
 Yet still, for ever, only in its prime—  
 A Life without beginning, end or age ;  
 Or change, till then, of act, or scene, or stage—  
 A Life, as far beyond the keenest ken  
 Of deathless spirits, as of mortal men—  
 A Life, unseen ; unheard, unknown, untold !  
 No days, to measure its unbroken span ;  
 Nor years, whereby to reckon whence of old  
 That Life, alone beginningless, began !  
 To show forth His great glory, God  
 Created spirits, with flame-feathered wings ;  
 To live and move about His Throne on high ;  
 And thence reflect, and scatter far and wide,  
 Like sunlit waves that sweep across the tide,  
 The golden glories of His Deity.

Passing over the Creation of Man and the Fall, we come to the Reparation. After saluting Mary with the words, "Hail ! full of grace," the Archangel Gabriel pauses :

He paused ; and silent stood ; his gold-white wings  
 Together folded on his face and breast—  
 Too lost in awe, to let his eyes long rest  
 On her the Chosen of the King of kings—  
 The while his words though dying in the air,  
 Yet in that dying seemed to linger there ;  
 And thence in echoes back to life to start ;  
 And multiply themselves a thousand-fold

Until they swept in melodies untold,  
Across the calm of Mary's inmost heart ;  
As undulations, floating far and wide  
Are swept ashore together with the tide.

Then, as some Rose to greet the rising Sun,  
Looks up to him from out her mossy bed ;  
And though, at first sight of him, first droops her head !  
To shake the dew-drops from her one by one ;  
Yet quickly scarce a moment after this,  
Lifts once again her fearless face to his—  
So she ; whose eyes of dazzled innocence  
Had held at first their lashes in suspense,  
Now gazed, uplifting them to Gabriel ;  
And as she gazed, a halo on her fell ;  
As fell of old on Moses, whilst he trod  
The holy Mount, beneath the gaze of God.

We should like to quote more from this, and the subsequent parts. Space, however, does not admit. The mysteries of the Visitation and the Nativity—with which last the present Part concludes—are exquisitely told. It is as difficult as it is dangerous to paraphrase the poetic portions of Scripture. We have all the more pleasure in saying that the paraphrases of the *Magnificat* and the *Benedictus* are most successfully accomplished. We will close our notice of Sir John Croker Barrow's little volume, with the Angel's response to the *Magnificat*.

The sweetest words, and set to sweetest tone,  
That ever fell from lips of mortal mind—  
For not yet had that Voice, so like her own,  
With sweet authority entranced mankind—  
The sweetest words from any lips till then !  
And, as she whispered to her heart "Amen,"  
Archangels sang, the word she whispered, o'er ;  
And Angels sang in turn the same again,  
In harmonised celestial refrain—  
"Amen ! Amen ! Amen ! for evermore !"   
And all that dwelt in Hebron listening,  
And heard the Angels and Archangels sing,  
Together sang in chorus, o'er and o'er,  
"Amen ! Amen ! Amen ! for evermore !"

## Literary Record.

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FATHER HUGHES has done well to publish in pamphlet form his entertaining and convincing lectures.<sup>1</sup> Of the two which have reached us, the first is devoted to the prehistoric races. The conjectural history of the evolutionist school is subjected to a searching examination, and it is shown how completely the established facts fail to justify the supposed inferences. Geological estimation of time is of the most dubious value, and the so called ages of bronze, iron, and stone, are a very figurative form of chronology. In Lecture II., actual races in history are treated of, and the sophistry of Darwinian arguments still further exposed. The conclusion on the whole is that when we distinguish mythology from history, and conjecture from proof, there is very little established which is not in harmony with even the most rigid interpretation of Scripture. We rejoice to see such good work pushed forward in the great empire of the West. Popular advocacy of infidelity must be met with popular forms of reply, and these pamphlets are admirably conceived for that purpose.

The publication in France of a work entitled *Le Syllabus sans parti pris*, gave rise some time ago to a controversy in the pages of the *Civiltà Cattolica* as to the nature and dogmatic value of the Syllabus. Its defence was entrusted to P. Rinaldi, who wrote five articles on the question,<sup>2</sup> in which he argued extrinsically, from the manner in which the document was regarded by the whole Episcopate, that "the Syllabus is a Pontifical utterance containing propositions each and all condemned, disapproved, and proscribed by the infallible judgment of the supreme Shepherd and Teacher of the Church."

<sup>1</sup> *Four Lectures on Anthropology and Biology.* By Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. Detroit, Mich.

<sup>2</sup> *Il Valore del Sillabo.* Studio teologico e storico. Del P. Carlo Giuseppe Rinaldi, D.C., D.G. Rome, 1888.

These articles gave so much satisfaction that at the special request of Cardinal Jacobini and others, five more articles were added, dealing with the intrinsic arguments drawn from the *title*, and from the express references connecting the document with preceding Pontifical acts of Pius the Ninth; and also giving a brief history of the formation of the Syllabus, in order to show that in *substance* it was a labour of many years, and that it cost nearly two years of anxious consideration to reduce it to its present form. These ten articles, together with an appendix containing some hitherto unedited documents of no small interest, which were put at the author's service by Cardinal Jacobini, have now been published in one octavo volume of about three hundred pages. It is the author's desire to hold a middle course between those rationalists who would allow no more than a human authority to this utterance, and some of their zealous Catholic antagonists who are inclined to overestimate the necessity of maintaining the Syllabus to be a dogmatic act in virtue of its *form*. He points out the confusion arising from not distinguishing between the question: *Is the Syllabus a dogmatic act?* and the other totally distinct inquiry: *What is it that constitutes it a dogmatic act?* Then distinguishing between the *form* and *matter* of the document, he shows that it is quite sufficient to know that every proposition in the Syllabus has been condemned at one time or another, and thus even regarded as a mere *raccolta* of such condemnations, it is *vi materiæ*, dogmatic, and infallible, and binding on the conscience of every Catholic. The matter is one of vital importance, not only for its own sake, but for the sake of the principles involved in the controversy. The book will therefore be very welcome to the clergy, both for their own instruction, and for the guidance of the flocks committed to their care. P. Rinaldi's style is simple and straightforward, and his arguments terse and cogent; and the whole work is skilfully put together.

A collection of facts and sayings from the life and writings of St. Ignatius,<sup>1</sup> acceptable to his children and not unprofitable to other readers. It contains just what we would expect of the Saint; lessons in obedience and lessons on government of souls. The book will do good. This only point will have to be observed in reading it and carrying its contents into practice,

<sup>1</sup> *L'esprit de Saint Ignace, Pensées, Sentiments, Paroles, et Actions.* Recueillis et mis en ordre par le R. P. Xavier de Franciosi, S.J. Nancy: Le Chevalier, 1887.

that to the Saints it is given at times to rule matters with a vigour and rapid decision beyond the imitation of inferior men. The attempted imitation would turn out mere harshness and imprudence. Rulers who are not of heroic mould must find their strength in what St. Francis of Sales called "the little virtues," in sweetness and long-suffering and meekness, showing more of the gentleness than of the majesty of Him whose place they bear.

The efficacy of the Sacraments is a very interesting as well as important branch of theology, and one which requires for its treatment a good grasp of some philosophical principles. The subject is well treated from this point of view by an Irish priest<sup>1</sup> studying at the Dominican House of Studies in Rome. He begins by discussing the doctrine of St. Thomas on the nature of causality, and applies the doctrine to an explanation of the way in which grace is conferred by the Sacraments of the Christian dispensation. Though only a short monograph, which was intended to grace the Jubilee of the Holy Father, on occasion of a projected celebration which unfortunately fell through, yet he discusses most of the points which are usually found in a complete treatise on the Sacraments in general. A good knowledge of the subject is displayed and clothed in vigorous and pure latinity, and if it is the result of a course of studies at the house where it was written, we think the Alma Mater has just cause to be proud of her pupil. As it is the duty of a critic to criticize, we will add that we are sorry to see the doctrine of Catharinus on *Intentio* is maintained by Sacerdos. We had hoped it was quite obsolete even in Thomistic Schools. Controversy would be here out of place, so we will be content to observe that the learned writer not only has to explain (or shall we say explain away?) a proposition on the subject condemned by Alexander the Eighth, and to transmit the authority of the rubrics of the Missal, but that he asserts the possibility of parties getting married without intending it. For this concession he has indeed the example of the Scotch Kirk. For are we not told that they forced to live as man and wife a best man and bridesmaid who (thinking it an innocent joke) kept mimicking together the words and actions of the principal contracting parties?

<sup>1</sup> *Litteræ quædam Theologicæ de Sacramentorum Virtute*, quas dedit Sacerdos quidam Hibernus, Minervitanæ Scholæ Discipulus. Dublin: Weldrick Brothers, 1888.



In the *Study of the Grammar of Assent*,<sup>1</sup> an attempt is made to put some of the principles of the Cardinal's Essay into the form of a dialogue, the speakers being Sceptic, Sophist, and Believer. The discussion turns principally on what the Cardinal calls "the illative sense," which stands to logic much as the sense of the beauty of a human face stands to a knowledge of the laws of anatomy on which that beauty depends. Subjoined to the dialogue are twelve interesting pages from previous works of Cardinal Newman, passages prognostic of the *Grammar of Assent*. In the dialogue there is an elaborate vindication of the Cardinal's position, that assent is possible, if you understand the predicate only, the example given being, "Lucerne is food for cattle," said to a man who has never heard of lucerne before. We confess we have still some outstanding doubts. Judgment whatever it may be over and above the union of two ideas in the mind, at least includes that union; and here seems to be only one idea, that contained in the predicate. Again, what if I do not know whether *all* lucerne, or only *some*, is food for cattle, or whether *lucerne* is a substantive or an adjective? And how if I convert the proposition, and say: "Some food for cattle is lucerne"? Can I assent to that? If so, it seems sufficient that either of the two terms, subject or predicate, be understood. But we refrain. We have no wish to measure swords with Achilles, nor with his attendant Patroclus either.

M. Léon Harmel, so well known in French circles for his advocacy of sound Catholic principles on social questions, has just published a small volume on the relations that should exist, in a well constituted society, between the Employer and the Employed.<sup>2</sup> He is of those who maintain, and truly we think, that the Employer should be in respect to those who depend on him, as the father of a great family. It is not here the place to enter into a discussion of the subject; but at a time when the question is of such paramount importance, any contribution dealing with the matter is interesting. M. Harmel goes thoroughly into the subject; and his work is recommended by such distinguished names as those of the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims, Mgr. Freppel, Bishop of Angers, M. l'Abbé Perriot, Père Daum, l'Abbé Dubillard, and others.

<sup>1</sup> *A Study of Cardinal Newman's Grammar of Assent*. London: Washbourne.

<sup>2</sup> *Catéchisme du Patron*. Elaboré avec le concours d'un grand nombre de Théologiens. Édité par Léon Harmel. Paris: Aux Bureaux du Journal La Corporation, 1889.

Mr. Dering has reprinted with some modification two articles from *THE MONTH*, in which he discusses the new religion which claims dominion over the minds and hearts of men under the name of Theosophy, or Esoteric Buddhism.<sup>1</sup> The result of his inquiry is an identification of it with the Black Art of the middle ages and the spiritism which in the present day most good Christians identify with diabolic agency. He brings forward in proof of his thesis a number of facts, or alleged facts, which happened chiefly in India, and in which a certain Mrs. Blavatsky, one Koot Hoomi, and Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, were mainly concerned. We believe that since his articles appeared the personages in question, or some of them, have been shown to have been ingenious impostors, who deceived the credulous by elaborate devices, and that a good deal of what was supposed to be mysterious and preternatural was simply the effect of well-concerted collusion. This is generally the case with all that verges on the reign of occult agency. In mesmerism, spirit-rapping, table-turning, and thought-reading, the natural and the preternatural are almost indistinguishably intermingled. This it is that makes them so difficult to deal with. Sometimes the investigator who believes he is dragging to light a system of legerdemain, suddenly finds himself confronted with phenomena quite inexplicable on natural grounds. Sometimes, on the other hand, the conviction of the presence of the preternatural is rudely dissipated by finding that some clever knave has been deceiving us by an ingenious imposture. The safest way is to be always tentative and slow in drawing conclusions, or safer still, to leave such matters alone unless they are forced on our notice.

Mr. Patrick's *Heraclitus*<sup>2</sup> is the work of a man who is a careful scholar and has a thorough knowledge of his subject. No one can read his preliminary essays without seeing that his labour is a labour of love. Everything that concerns his author is of interest to him, and every one that has written about him is known and duly appreciated. To Mr. Patrick, Heraclitus appears under an aspect which has scarce been recognized before. He has been hitherto regarded as negative and sceptical in his teaching of the beauty of strife and the law of opposites, and

<sup>1</sup> *Esoteric Buddhism, the new Gospel of Atheism.* By E. H. Dering. London: Washbourne.

<sup>2</sup> *The Fragments of the Works of Heraclitus of Ephesus on Nature.* Translated with an Introduction, Critical and Historical, by G. T. W. Patrick, Ph. D. Professor of Philosophy in the State University of Iowa. Baltimore: Murray.

the doctrine of a perpetual flux. All this is unfair. Heraclitus is really a great "ethical and religious" prophet and preacher. He was the philosopher of Nature, the first delineator of the relativity of knowledge, and the forerunner of modern Pantheism. The teaching of Socrates was a reaction, and a successful one, against the Hegelianism of Heraclitus. Socrates was the ancient philosopher who contrasted the real and the phenomenal, the soul and the body. Heraclitus was the monist who first recognized the identity of contradictories, and abolished all contrast between mind and matter. We believe that this theory is a correct one, or is at least an ingenious construction from such fragments of Heraclitus as we possess. It naturally makes Heraclitus dear to Hegelians, and among those who admire him on this score we fear we must reckon Mr. Patrick himself. If we regret Mr. Patrick's Hegelianism, we cannot help admiring his devotion to his subject and his thorough knowledge of it.

Whether it be the dulness of our climate, or our Calvinist surroundings, or an importation of semi-Jansenism that is to blame, English Catholic piety is too often tinged with melancholy. The supernatural virtue of hope frequently has not its proper place in the spiritual life; and thoughts of Heaven are kept at a distance as motives unworthy of perfect Christians. Father Clarke,<sup>1</sup> whose meditations are quite a feature among the devotional publications of the Catholic Truth Society, has just produced a Paschal Series, which has for its object to gladden and encourage the reader, not to reprove or cast him down. They are bright, plain, practical, and theologically sound.

We have already, in this Magazine, spoken highly of *Emmanuel*, a former work of Mrs. Ram's. We are glad to be able to extend our commendation to the present volume of *Meditations and Contemplations* by the same accomplished author.<sup>2</sup> There is something striking about all that Mrs. Ram writes. The present volume is a series of pictures, of which our Lord is the central figure. Various scenes in the earthly but altogether Divine Life of Jesus are placed before us. And though the book is written primarily for the young, we feel sure that

<sup>1</sup> *Resurrexit*. Daily Meditations from Easter to the Ascension. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

<sup>2</sup> *The Most Beautiful among the Children of Men*. Meditations upon the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Mrs. Abel Ram. With a Preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. London: R. Washbourne, 1889.

no one, young or old, can read it without being charmed at its simple beauty, and feeling the better for reading it. The book has the *Imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop, as well as a graceful Preface from his pen. It has already reached a second edition, and we trust it will go through many another.

Dr. Schuster's *Abridged Bible History*<sup>1</sup> has already reached the fourth edition in its English version. It supplies a real want. The pictures are good, and the letter-press simple. We could wish that some writer of children's books would undertake an original work of the kind in English. Protestants have a book known as the *Peep of Day*, which is very well done, and has reached *the seven hundred and forty-fourth thousand*. Why should not Catholic children have their *Peep of Day*? Such a book would have a wide circulation and do a great deal of good.

*Thoughts of Many Hearts*<sup>2</sup> is one of those valuable little books which must help all who use them along the road to Heaven. It contains a patron, a thought, a text, and a practice for each day in the year, and these are chosen with a wise variety which keeps up their interest, and includes in them a suggestion of every virtue, and different methods without number of honouring God. The collection has been made by one of the members of the celebrated Ursuline Convent at Thurles, and it is set off by a brief but most instructive little Preface by the venerated Archbishop of Thurles. To add anything to his recommendation of it is unnecessary. We can only echo his words, that "it contains something to suit and to serve everybody," whatever their age, character, or position in life. We wish it a wide circulation and a complete success.

Mr. Gideon Marsh has published a *Lecture on the Popes and the Early Church*,<sup>3</sup> which collects together in popular form a sort of catena of evidence on the subject, especially in its bearing on England. The Lecture, as given by Mr. Marsh, is accompanied by a series of views and historical scenes of the most varied description, which cannot fail to render it doubly interesting. His plan of delivering such an Illustrated Lecture

<sup>1</sup> *Abridged Bible History of the Old and New Testaments*. By I. Schuster, D.D. Fourth Edition. Freiburg: Herder.

<sup>2</sup> *Thoughts of Many Hearts*. By a Member of the Ursuline Community, Thurles. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>3</sup> *The Popes and the Early Church, with Special Reference to the Church in this Country*. A Lecture. By Gideon W. B. Marsh, B.A. (Lond.) Sunderland: Edward Thompson.

is a very useful one, and will teach Protestants a most valuable lesson in an attractive form, and without giving offence.

*England Dedicated to St. Joseph*<sup>1</sup> gives a list of all the cathedrals, convents, missions, &c., in England which are dedicated to St. Joseph. Of these the earliest was St. Joseph's Abbey, Alcester, in the reign of Stephen, A.D. 1140. It was a Benedictine Convent, and had extensive possessions in pre-Reformation days. Alcester still contains St. Joseph's Abbey and St. Joseph's Chapel, and this little pamphlet is sold for the benefit of the mission.

*Thoughts in Prose and Verse*<sup>2</sup> is one of those most convenient miniature books of the Catholic Truth Society which can be slipped into an envelope with a letter, and will convey with the friendly thoughts of the epistle it accompanies, a number of useful thoughts well expressed both in prose and verse. It begins with some little poems of high merit, and ends with a beautiful meditation, written by Sir Thomas More in the Tower, and with a Visit to the Blessed Sacrament. This booklet costs only a halfpenny, and is what tradesmen call "special value."

We regret that Mr. Aubrey de Vere's charming volume, *May Carols*,<sup>3</sup> has reached us too late for a review. The book has, however, been some little time before the public, and has received already the praise and appreciation it justly deserves. We hope, nevertheless, at a later date, to notice these poems more fully.

<sup>1</sup> *England Dedicated to St. Joseph.* London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>2</sup> *Thoughts in Prose and Verse.* London: Catholic Truth Society.

<sup>3</sup> *May Carols: or, Ancilla Domini.* By Aubrey de Vere. London: Burns and Oates.

## MAGAZINES.

The history of the struggle between Church and State in Belgium on the subject of religious education is continued in the current number of the *Katholik*. In this contest the Holy Father took part, the Government appealing to him in the hope that he would counsel a more moderate and conciliatory course of conduct than that which was adopted by the bishops. The clergy of Belgium gave great offence by openly denouncing the Liberal party as enemies of God and of the Church, and by refusing the sacraments to the children who attended the schools whence religious teaching had been banished. This latter measure may appear more extreme than the occasion required, and it would doubtless have been so in a Protestant country, where the absence of Catholic schools and the means of erecting them renders a certain amount of toleration necessary. The essay on prayer, which has been continued in several issues of the *Katholik*, concludes with the consideration of the place prayer holds in the plan of redemption, the object of prayer, and the absolute necessity of prayer. It is both dogmatic and practical, and is calculated to impress the reader with the value of prayer, and stimulate him to practice of it. The history of the development of the Roman Breviary, and its general adoption in the form into which it was cast by Gregory the Great, will be found interesting on many grounds. It demonstrates the civilizing influence of the ceremonial of the Church, and its power to attract and elevate the human heart. In old times abbots and bishops used to journey to Rome—no slight undertaking in those days—for the purpose of making themselves acquainted with the ritual, and the correct manner of performing the liturgic ceremonies. Thus the Divine Office as recited in Rome found its way to the monasteries of the far north. Local additions and divergencies were, owing to the imperfect means of communication, not always excluded. Still, at the close of the eleventh century, the Roman Breviary was everywhere adopted in the Latin Church, with the insignificant exception of two or three dioceses. Dr. Falk contributes a short article on a certain John Cochlaeus, a contemporary of Luther, who was one of the most powerful and determined defenders of the ancient



doctrine. His writings in refutation of the new tenets are now rarely met with. We must also mention a biographical notice of Cardinal Rauscher, Prince-Archbishop of Vienna, who died in 1887 at the advanced age of eighty-four years. His memoir has just been published, and will be valued not only as a pleasing portraiture of a saintly and zealous prelate, but as giving the history of the Church in Austria in the early part of the present century.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (931) defends the Holy Father from the aspersions cast upon him by the *Riforma* in consequence of the recent allocution addressed to the Sacred College. The Liberals contend that the Pope has no grievances to complain of, that the Church enjoys full freedom, and that every respect is shown to religion in Italy; the utterances of the Pope accordingly are said to prove him to be an enemy of liberty, and desirous of the ruin of the country. The question of international legislation on behalf of operatives is discussed in another article. The various conjectures of Egyptologists as to the quarter whence came the mysterious invaders who settled in the valley of the Nile, and are known as the "Shepherd-Kings," are considered in the *Civiltà*. The latest, and probably the most correct theory is that they came from the south of Syria, and were not a single tribe, but a confederation of several distinct peoples and races, united under one prince. The fact that they conquered Egypt, and for several centuries held in subjection one of the most powerful nations of the world, proves their force to have been no inconsiderable one. The nature and attributes of God, and of the Divine Word as revealed in the teaching of the Church and of Holy Scripture, are shown, under the form of a dialogue (no. 932), to be diametrically opposed to the God and the Christ whom Freemasons delineate and degrade to the level of humanity. The series of articles on the Revolution of '89 is concluded by pointing out how in every particular the Revolution has failed to fulfil its promises for the amelioration of mankind. The natural science notes contain information respecting the real discoverer of the telephone, and the process which this ingenious mechanical contrivance for the transmission of sound has undergone under other hands for its perfecting, together with its kindred invention, the phonograph. A description is given of the nature of the new explosive, nitro-glycerine, and the method of its manufacture.

The April issue of the *Études* opens with the first portion of a useful and interesting essay on preaching, by Father Delaporte. He reviews a book recently published by Father Longhay, in which the great masters and the great laws of sacred rhetoric are set forth. For the excellence of this work the name of the author alone is sufficient warranty. In an article on National Education, the reader is told what the national system of education ought to be, and what the Government seeks to make it. Under the title of "The Inheritance of '89," Father Martin glances at the present situation of France. The sketch he draws of modern institutions and modern society is a sombre one; the "house" as he terms it, which the Revolutionists have bequeathed for posterity to inhabit, is neither fair, free, nor firmly founded. Father Brucker enters upon an examination of the exact teaching of the Mosaic history of the Creation, especially in its bearing on the theory of transformism, and the difficulty, real or supposed, of making it harmonize with the discoveries of science. In a short article on "Reason in Dogs," Father de Bonniot relates two anecdotes of canine sagacity, put forward in proof of the existence of the reasoning faculty in brutes. He shows, in his own clever and amusing style, that the arguments of scientists, plausible as they may appear, founded on such instances as these, are fallacious, since they overlook the absence of an essential condition of reason, viz., deliberate choice, in the lower animals. They act from impulse, and the natural desire for present pleasure. If it were not presumptuous to criticize so able a writer, we would say mention might be made of knowledge acquired by observation as directing the actions of the dog, who is a keen observer, and remembers well. The reader will be glad to find that Father St. Coubé has not yet come to the end of his delightful recollections of his journey on the coast of India. In the present instalment he explains how the different castes of which Hindoo society is composed originated.

